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THE SITUATION IN BULGARIA.

STUDENTS of history must often have speculated with amusement on the wealth of recondite theories which might in these days have been forthcoming for the explanation of strange political incidents. Such incidents, in a simpler age of politics, were quite sufficiently accounted for by the passions, the whims, or even, perhaps, the temporary ailments of kings and statesmen. Russia, as we are sometimes too apt to forget, has still to emerge from that early stage of political development in which these personal influences played so prominent a part; and a due consideration of this fact may possibly assist to enlighten some of the obscurity that surrounds the singular drama now being enacted in Bulgaria. The CZAR, according to one account of his present state of mind, "is very restless, Bulgaria being constantly in his thoughts. He has little sleep, and walks to and fro most of the night" planning the political course to be taken with the mutinous Principality. If this be the real condition of HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S mind, it becomes a little easier to understand the extraordinary behaviour of HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S envoy. General KAULBARS'S action seems, at any rate, to reflect with tolerable fidelity the morbidly excited temper of his august master. A Russian agent is, no doubt, scarcely to be blamed for unfamiliarity with the proceedings of public meetings or for having inadequately appreciated the risk to personal dignity which may be incurred by attending such a gathering uninvited and in the spirit of an offended pedagogue; but even a Russian agent might be credited with tact enough to discover his mistake in time to prevent a false position from developing into a supremely ridiculous situation. The spectacle of a gentleman in Russian military uniform and of highly Russian military manners being "heckled" by a Bulgarian crowd with as little ceremony as if he were a Tory candidate addressing a halfpenny Northampton cobbler is not edifying. It cannot have been desirable from any Russian point of view that a servant of the CZAR should launch threats of the Imperial vengeance at people who respond with shouts of "Enough! Down with him!" and, indeed, the provocation of such a humiliating rebuff is barely explicable at all, except on the assumption that either master or servant or both have lost their heads. The General's subsequent idea of stumping the country with a carpet bag containing 500,000 francs seems at first sight, no doubt, to be in more accordance with national traditions; but if, as has been predicted, the envoy is likely to expose himself to actual physical insult, if not danger, by this enterprising tour, its expediency—except on one of those recondite explanations above referred to—seems no less questionable than the attempt to browbeat the indignation meeting at Sofia. The said recondite explanation is, of course, that the General wishes to provoke some such outrage in order to create a case for the armed intervention of Russia on the pretext of avenging it. But here again it is, to say the least of it, just as likely that the less subtle explanation is the correct one, and that the CZAR'S representative is simply behaving after the natural fashion of a swaggering and pig-headed soldier who has failed to bounce a despised people into submission, and is furious in consequence.

So far as he has got at present there seems every reason to believe that the General's provincial tour will result in what actors call as complete "a frost" as has attended his various appearances in the capital. Hitherto, at any rate, his persuasions, assisted by the contents of the carpet-bag,

have altogether failed to stir up the military mutiny which it was his soldierly project to provoke. He ordered the commandant at Rustchuk to release all prisoners in confinement for high treason; but the commandant at Rustchuk in the most decided manner rejected the proposal. At Shumla he prevailed upon the colonels of three regiments, not indeed to rise against the Government, but to recommend them in threatening terms to accede to General KAULBARS'S demands. But when the commanding officer of these three colonels came to hear of it, so far from applauding what they had done, he threatened them with immediate imprisonment, whereupon these three colonels abjectly apologized, and represented their expressions of opinion as being of a purely confidential character, like Mr. GLADSTONE'S denunciation of the "blackguardism" of the Union. And, again, at Vratza, where the Russian envoy's friends had assured him that "the whole population was devoted to the Russian cause," he found on his arrival that only thirty inhabitants of the town, which must certainly contain a larger population than that, had turned out to meet him. Anything, in fact, more admirably suited to supply material for the librettist of an Offenbachian opera-bouffe than the whole story of General BOOM-KAULBARS'S tour of pacification through the dominions of the Grand Duchess it would be difficult to find. These, however, are not precisely the characteristics which one would expect to recommend themselves to the proudest autocracy in Europe, and the fact that the CZAR shows no apparent desire to cut short his emissary's fiasco is certainly very mysterious. After what has happened, too, in other countries besides Russia and Bulgaria, within the last few days, it has become more mysterious than ever. It may be difficult to determine the exact extent of the significance which is to be attached to M. TISZA'S declarations; but it is not difficult to satisfy oneself that, taking them at their very lowest value, they pledge Austria, so far as a Hungarian Prime Minister can pledge her, to oppose a forcible resistance to the execution of any such policy as the CZAR, if there be any reasoned purpose in his toleration of his agent's vagaries, must be supposed to contemplate. Again, although the Eastern policy foreshadowed in Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Dartford speech may have given disappointment in some quarters, it certainly could not have tended to smooth the path before a Russian Government meditating an armed intervention in Bulgaria. Everything, in short, which has happened of late has been of a character to give pause to the CZAR, and the CZAR does not pause, but appears, on the contrary, in the person of his representative, at any rate, rather more disposed to go ahead. If, then, as we have said, his support of his agent proceeds of anything like reasoned purpose, it would be impossible to escape one of two conclusions. Either we must suppose that the declarations of M. TISZA, which are about, it is said, to be endorsed by M. KALNOKY, are the mere rehearsals of his part in a comedy already prepared for the stage, and that we are now witnessing the first act of a Russo-Austrian partition of the Balkan provinces; or we must conclude that the CZAR has really persuaded himself that it will be safe for him to enter and take forcible possession of Bulgaria, without the assent of his two Imperial allies.

Neither of these two hypotheses recommends itself to ordinary conceptions of the probable in European affairs. Prince BISMARCK is not precisely the type of a Conservative in foreign policy; but the world in general does not believe him to be prepared to assist in so extensive a reconstruction of the map of Europe as the former hypothesis implies.

And the latter is equally at variance with all that is known of the CZAR, who has certainly done nothing as yet to impress Europe with the belief that he possesses either the steadiness of purpose or the political daring which the execution of the single-handed policy would demand. Yet, if neither of these plans is to be attributed to him, he has been literally doing nothing for at least the last five days but heaping unnecessary humiliations on his own head. The complacent "diplomatic world" of Vienna, who assure us every day, through the Austrian Correspondents of our newspapers, that the St. Petersburg Cabinet "contemplates no violent measures in Bulgaria," does not apparently see any necessity to explain why the Russian Government pursues a course of which "violent measures" would be the only logical or the only honourable outcome. Of course, as we said at the outset, it may be a mere case of temper; but, even so, it would be desirable to know how far HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY's temper is capable of carrying him. Excitement which is capable of playing such extraordinary tricks with diplomatic policy as has been shown in the mission of General KAULBARS may be capable, for all we know, of plunging Europe into a war. On the whole, it is not inopportune to receive just at this juncture the news of the capture of Tamai, which may, it is hoped, complete the pacification of the Eastern Soudan, and will help, at any rate, to free our hands against contingencies in Eastern Europe. With a master of legions roaming sleepless about his palace all night, like another CALIGULA, and showing what looks so strangely like evidences of having lost all sober control of his actions, it is certainly as well to be prepared.

LORD BRABOURNE AND MR. GLADSTONE.

IN the current number of *Blackwood's Magazine* Lord BRABOURNE has made a valuable contribution to the controversy on the merits of the Irish Union. Some of his readers may perhaps be surprised by the almost deferential courtesy with which he speaks of Mr. GLADSTONE; but in political discussion it is generally prudent to encounter violence and exaggeration with calm and temperate reasoning. Having consulted all the best authorities on Irish Parliamentary history, Lord BRABOURNE has no difficulty in showing that Mr. GLADSTONE misunderstands nearly every fact which is material to the question, from the first establishment of the so-called Parliament of the Pale to the passage of the Act of Union. His assertion that there was "an old, original National Parliament of Ireland" for 500 years is not less inaccurate than his denunciation of the means by which PITT and CASTLEREAGH carried their beneficent policy into effect. A subsequent statement that in 1782 England "gave to Ireland a free Parliament of her own" is, as Lord BRABOURNE justly observes, somewhat inconsistent with the previous complaint that it was an ancient Parliament which was "taken away by a mixture of violence and corruption"; but it is unnecessary for practical purposes to go further back than the establishment of GRATTAN's Parliament. POYNINGS's Act, which, as Lord BRABOURNE shows, was "made at the prayer of the Commons," had in the course of ages become unpopular and apparently oppressive. Taking advantage of the distress of England, which was at war, or on the verge of war, with nearly the whole world, the Irish malcontents in 1782 extorted the concession of a separate and independent Parliament. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, GRATTAN's Parliament "would have worked out the regeneration of that country [Ireland] had it not been for the evil fate which induced the British Government to interfere and to prevent that Parliament from consummating its beneficent undertaking."

As Lord BRABOURNE shows in detail, the Irish Parliament during its eighteen years of existence passed no important legislative measure except at the instance of the English Government. Catholic Relief Bills and Reform Bills were again and again rejected by large majorities; and yet the danger of collision between two separate Legislatures was proved on all possible occasions. Mr. PITT's measure for allowing free commercial intercourse between Ireland and Great Britain was dropped in 1785, in consequence of the insufficient majority which supported the Government. The English Whigs, led by Fox and SHERIDAN, had on purely factious grounds induced some of the habitual adherents of the Government in the Irish Parliament to reject the boon

which was offered by a wise and honest Minister. Five years afterwards Mr. PITT effected his object by introducing Free-trade as a mere incident of the creation of a United Kingdom. In only one important instance, except at the dangerous crisis of the Regency, did the Irish Parliament display a spirit of independence. Sir ROBERT PEEL, in his speech on the Union in 1834, quoted by Lord BRABOURNE, referred to an Address presented in 1782 by the Irish Parliament to the Crown on the relations of Ireland to Portugal. As Sir ROBERT PEEL said, "Either the foreign relations of Great Britain with a friendly Power might have been disturbed, or Ireland might have been involved in a war to which Great Britain refused to be a party." The meddling of the Irish Parliament in affairs which are now called Imperial threatened intolerable embarrassment. Its domestic legislation was controlled and inspired by the English Ministers. Government by patronage, and even by corruption, became an indispensable necessity, and it was this system which was with statesmanlike wisdom abolished by the Union.

In the course of recent discussions sufficient stress has not been laid on the enormous benefits which were conferred on Ireland by its admission to the full privileges of the English Constitution. For the first time in their history the Irish were thenceforth represented in a really sovereign Legislature. The four counties of the Pale, indeed, had in early times elected petty Parliaments, which were principally employed in legislating against the natives of the other provinces. Neither the Parliament of the Pale nor the Irish Parliament which was created in the reign of JAMES I. claimed or exercised executive power or controlled the nomination of the Irish Ministers of the Crown. GRATTAN's Parliament, with all its pretensions to independence, was powerless to procure the appointment of a Minister or to cause his dismissal. It was only after the Union that Irish members were placed on a level with their English colleagues. It is true that they, at the same time, lost their monopoly of Irish places and pensions; but they received some compensation in their more general admission to English honours and emoluments. If the share of Irishmen in high office has of late years been less considerable, they have been themselves responsible for their partial exclusion. The furious animosity which was felt by the extreme party against officials whom they regarded as deserters has been of late indignantly proclaimed by Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY. Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule Bill in its original shape would have revived the ancient inferiority of the local Parliament. According to his plan, which was perhaps less objectionable than the only possible alternative, Ireland would have been excluded from representation in any sovereign Assembly. Mr. PARNELL and the Nationalists gladly accepted the proposed arrangement; but only as a step to separation and independence. Next to the full concession of their demands, nothing could have been more welcome to the Irish agitators than limitations which would have been absolutely indefensible in theory. The Home Rule Parliament could scarcely have been blamed for hereafter throwing off restrictions which had been declared intolerable since the date of GRATTAN's Parliament. England could not consent to absolute Irish independence, and Ireland would not have permanently acquiesced in ostentatious subordination. In the latter part of the Home Rule debates Mr. GLADSTONE was forced to hint at the possible invention of some intermediate plan; but a compromise between two equally impossible systems in this case involved the disadvantages of both. Irish members could not have been allowed a monopoly of power at home and a share in the government of the Empire.

To those who have studied Mr. GLADSTONE's controversial manner, the hysterical violence with which he has attacked the Union seems to prove that he had never studied its history before. The suspicion is strengthened by his apparent unacquaintance with Lord STANHOPE's *Life of PITT*. Knowing that Lord STANHOPE's History of England ended at a much earlier period, Mr. GLADSTONE gratuitously remarked that, as "a man of so liberal and impartial mind," Lord STANHOPE "would have stigmatized as it deserved the infamous history of the Union if it had fallen within his period." Lord BRABOURNE reminds Mr. GLADSTONE that Lord STANHOPE necessarily dealt with the history of the Union in his *Life of the statesman* by whom it was accomplished; and the biographer holds none of the opinions which are hypothetically attributed to the historian. As quoted by Lord BRABOURNE, Lord STANHOPE states that,

after a year from the first introduction of the measure, "the Irish people became better informed as to the project, and the strong arguments in its support began in various quarters to prevail." Mr. GLADSTONE is fortunately not an historian. It would not be expedient to study the records of the past under a guide who habitually writes in a passion. If PITT and CASTLEREAGH had been Mahometans and Turks, Mr. GLADSTONE could scarcely have denounced them with more extravagant violence. If the great Minister and his able lieutenant were still alive, Mr. GLADSTONE would evidently demand that they should be expelled, "bag and baggage," from official and Parliamentary life. As they are beyond his reach, he is obliged to content himself with an expression of amazement "at the deadness of vulgar opinion to the blackguardism and baseness—no words are strong enough—which befoul the whole history of the Union." Whether or not the words—on Mr. GLADSTONE's semi-withdrawal of which we comment elsewhere—are strong or vulgar enough, their effect, like that of strong language in general, is extremely weak. In his discreditable address at Hawarden to the representatives of the National League, Mr. GLADSTONE spoke of the Established Church of Ireland as "the jobbing clique who called themselves Protestants—that is, Episcopalians." The objects of his youthful enthusiasm for "Church and State" were not alone in desire for the Union. The Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, the majority of the Irish Catholic bishops, and most of the large Irish constituencies cordially approved the results of the "blackguardism and baseness" which offend Mr. GLADSTONE's sober judgment. He "knows of no blacker or fouler transaction in the history of man than the making of the Union. Fraud is bad, and force—violence against right—is bad; but if there is one thing more detestable than another, it is the careful, wilful combination of force and fraud applied in the basest manner to the attainment of an end which all Ireland . . . detested." In the combination of fraud and force the element of force seems to have been omitted. Even Mr. GLADSTONE can scarcely think that turning a placeman out of office for voting against the Government is an act of force. The fraud probably means the expenditure of a million and a half in compensation of losses which would result from the abolition of the Irish Parliament. The owners of nomination boroughs were paid at the rate of fifteen thousand pounds for a seat; and though the recognition of the pecuniary value of Parliamentary patronage may not conform to modern notions, it is material to observe that the payments were not in the nature of bribes. As Lord BRABOURNE shows, the supporters and the opponents of the Act of Union received equal compensation. That many jobs were perpetrated on the occasion is probable or certain, but in those days such transactions were not regarded with horror. Mr. GLADSTONE appears not to be shocked with the "blackguardism and baseness" of Irish members who sold themselves; but only with the atrocious wickedness of the Government which bought them. During his long public life he has evidently shared the opinion of his contemporaries, that it was impossible to reopen the question of the Union. He has now suddenly arrived at the opposite conclusion, or rather he supposes himself to have disclosed his novel conviction after a reticence of fifteen years. He seems to have now looked for the first time into Irish versions of the history of the Union. Some of those who have watched his career remember his temporary excitement about the shilling duty on corn when it was condemned by Mr. LOWE, and about the future exhaustion of the coal-fields as foretold by Mr. JEVONS. The same phenomenon is now reproduced on a larger scale and in a graver matter. The analogy which has been already mentioned between the Irish and Bulgarian atrocities is still more complete. In exposing Mr. GLADSTONE's strange eccentricities, Lord BRABOURNE has not had a difficult task; but it has been well performed.

HAMLET IN PARIS.

MANY English critics of the *Hamlet* at the Théâtre Français appear to have started with the idea that the play would be a kind of joke. It would be like a French attempt to play cricket or Rugby football, a comic failure. With this patriotic conviction in their hearts, they have, for example, accused DUMAS of being responsible for the Ghost's complaint that he died without extreme unction. They have blamed M. MOUNET-SULLY, as HAMLET, for

stabbing the King first, and then "making sicker" by forcing the poison on him. If this be absurd, the absurdity of course is SHAKESPEARE'S. The French King, too, is so young, fat, and burly, that he looks as if he would take a good deal of killing. Thus English reviewers have persisted in misunderstanding or forgetting their SHAKESPEARE, and then accusing the French for not playing him correctly. They have also overlooked the alterations which have been made in the original French version of DUMAS and M. MEURICE, and have criticized the actors for their theory of characters, such as POLONIUS, which are greatly modified by these alterations.

The *Hamlet* at the Comédie Française is, as a matter of fact, not funny in the least, except so far as the Ghost inevitably brings in a kind of absurdity. True, M. MOUNET-SULLY does play with a cheap modern fan of OPHELIA's, and this obvious and curious error has been dwelt on as if it were of the essence of the acting. The piece is mounted on the understanding that the dresses and furniture are Elizabethan in character, and the costumes certainly have a kind of Tudor and Beef-eating appearance. No doubt SHAKESPEARE conceived his persons to be dressed and armed in the fashion of his own day. Given what may be called the historical manners and costume, those of the heroic age of Denmark, and the whole action is impossible. No Dane of the good old slaying times ever had a moment's hesitation about the blood feud. The moment HAMLET heard the Ghost's story, he would have stabbed the King in bed (leaving the spear in the wound, according to etiquette), or would have sent his head flying down the banquet-board among the bowls and dishes, as KARI slew one of the Burners of NJAL at an earl's table. The drama is not of the heroic Danish, but of the Elizabethan date, as the fencing-scene (elsewhere criticized) would by itself declare. Very well; the HAMLET at the Comédie Française is correctly dressed and arranged on these principles, except for the unlucky light-blue modern fan which M. MOUNET-SULLY uses—as Mr. IRVING used a peacock's feather—to hide his face in the play-scene.

An Englishman at the Comédie Française must remember, then, to criticize the actors, not by his recollections of SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet* (though it is as well that these should be correct), but by their relations to their parts as written down for them by DUMAS, M. MEURICE, and the wisdom of French managers. And the Englishman must try to judge the performance as a whole, and not to be biased by this or that little bit of business. Received with these reserves, we have no hesitation in calling the whole affair a considerable success. As to M. MOUNET-SULLY's own share, it is an artistic success to our mind; and as a popular success there is no room for provincial patriotism or envy to cavil at it. He was "called on" again and again at the fall of the curtain, and was saluted with shouts of applause. Perhaps he had more than his due share of electric light, a matter which seems to be thought very important. But the effect was much better than if M. MAUBANT, an excellent Ghost, had enjoyed the monopoly of this resource of civilization. M. MOUNET-SULLY's acting of the character showed that he had a distinct and very intelligent conception of HAMLET, a conception which he embodied with much force and much delicacy. His manner of walking when he follows the Ghost is perhaps the only very conventional thing in his performance. How would a man walk when he is following a ghost? No one can say till he tries; and when he comes to try he will probably be "too much absorbed" to pay much conscious attention to his gait. A little of the ludicrous is introduced by the existence of two recesses on the Terrace, out of one or other of which the Ghost is certain to "bolt," and watching for his appearance demands the kind of vigilance necessary in ferreting rabbits. When he does appear, the Ghost is a little too much like a sentry under arms, and once he disappeared with a peculiarly clumping tread. On another occasion, however, he literally vanished away in a most artful manner. As none of us have seen GARRICK, we cannot tell how he affected the terror that so powerfully alarmed PARTRIDGE; but M. MOUNET-SULLY had to emphasize the emotion by fainting away. This has been criticized; but fainting is just the kind of thing that the sensitive HAMLET must have been subject to. In his mad scenes M. MOUNET-SULLY was particularly good. He gave the impression that the Prince had determined to counterfeit insanity, and found the task perilously congenial and easy. He was thoroughly insane without ranting; his freaks always kept just on the safe side; he did not yell outrageously; after a

disappearance he would return like a tempest on the stage, yet without making a vulgar racket, and his lunatic ecstasies when he found himself alone, his triumphs and despairs, were masterly. His delivery of the familiar soliloquy was extremely natural and quiet. Perhaps his best scenes, setting aside the fencing-scene, were in his first appearance of madness with OPHELIA, in the interview with his mother, and when he watches the King at his devotions. Throughout, indeed, M. MOUNET-SULLY deserved and illustrated the criticism of OPHELIA:—

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form.

He and POLONIUS were very successful in the cloud scene; but the POLONIUS of M. GOT was essentially the POLONIUS of the French play, not of SHAKSPEARE. As the speech to LAERTES is omitted, POLONIUS appears merely as the comic old Philistine, admirably acted, without a touch of what remains in him of the man of the world and the sagacious politician. M. GOT was a perfect POLONIUS of this kind; but he was not, of course, the POLONIUS of SHAKSPEARE'S imagination.

The OPHELIA was exactly the OPHELIA to be expected from Mlle. REICHEMBERG—pretty, correct, and a little uninteresting to an English observer, though much to the taste of a French audience. M. COQUELIN (cadet) was a grotesque and daring gravedigger. The Queen was a large kind of Mrs. NICKLEBY of a woman, probably not unlike what we should expect the Queen to be—deadened by natural dullness and good living to the pricks of conscience, and incapable of seeing a Ghost perfectly visible to HAMLET and the audience. The Play King and Queen did their parts well; indeed, the play-scene was naturally one of the most telling, the audience being thrilled when HAMLET, after dragging himself like a serpent across the stage, leaps up at the King.

The play is likely, we imagine, to have a long and complete success, and the company have reason to be proud of it. The French in 1803, just after the Revolution, deprecated the acting of *Hamlet*, because (according to the *Journal des Débats* of that date) "it familiarized a mild and gentle people with deeds of blood." This was pretty good for a newspaper addressing the public of the September massacres. No such scruples any longer restrain a later age, and it is extremely probable that an audience which can tolerate the Ghost would allow SHAKSPEARE to be acted without more modification than in England. Certainly the French *Hamlet* is a very instructive spectacle, if less facetiously diverting than some English observers have tried to find it. M. MOUNET-SULLY has borrowed some ideas from the English stage, which, in turn, has a good deal to learn from him. Like MOLIÈRE, he is aware that a stage prince, even when slightly crazed, is not necessarily a demoniac.

FISHERMAN QUARRELS.

IT is reported on the voluminous page of history that a considerable war was once set going by a quarrel between English and French fishermen. Happily it is almost as difficult to start a war in these times as to support it when it is once going; for the fisherfolk of either side of the Channel seem as capable as ever of opening the ball. At no time was there much love lost between them—not even in the stirring times of smuggling, when they were ready enough to band together for the purpose of outwitting the Customs. That golden age when kegs of smuggled brandy were hidden under the beds of half the fishermen on the coast is gone, and the one interest they had in common with their rivals across the Channel has disappeared with it. At present when they meet at all it is generally because one or other of them is poaching; and that is an equally old and effectual cause of quarrel between them. Nothing delights the skipper of an English coasting steamer more than to run through the nets of the Frenchmen whom he comes across too near his native shore. When the fishing fleets meet where they have an equally good right to be they can seldom get on without squabbles.

Within this week one of these wrangles has led to a disturbance which, in a time less severely subdued by the police, might in its turn have grown into a very pretty little war. The story is that a Rye boat came into Ramsgate with a complaint against a Boulogne boat. According to the Rye men, the French vessel had wilfully damaged

their nets. A court of law would have liked to cross-examine the Rye men as to exactly what had happened; but among fishermen on the English coast these things are settled on a simple principle. A Frenchman is always in the wrong. Accordingly the Ramsgate men, quite in the good old mediæval style, attacked a French boat in the harbour. They seem to have been fired on, but to have carried the Frenchman by boarding, and to have cut his rigging about, and to have otherwise damaged him. On Thursday night the fighting was resumed on a larger scale and on a similar pretext. On both occasions the police interfered, and reduced the whole thing to the prosaic level of the nineteenth century. In the more spirited times the Boulogne boat would have gone home in search of allies, and, having found them, would have returned and maltreated somebody belonging—say to Pevensy. Then the Pevensy people would have retaliated by robbing and murdering traders from Honfleur. Thereupon several Norman villages would have joined to make a raid on the coast of Kent. By this time the dispute would have been a matter of notoriety, and a strong English fleet would have been got together to ravage the coast of Normandy. Then there would have been a big sea-fight and a wholesale massacre of prisoners afterwards. Then the Kings of France and England would have entered the dance, and the war would have been in full swing. Now the harbour police take charge of the quarrel at once and it is snuffed out. The worst that can come of it is a loud clamour in the Parisian press for strong measures on the part of M. WADDINGTON. One of these journals has given a rather unlucky reason why the French Ambassador should speak strongly on the subject in London. It is that when some English fishing vessels were arrested lately on the French coast for real or imaginary breaches of the fishery convention the English Embassy at Paris remonstrated with effect. The cases are somewhat different. In the first a riot has been committed in an English port in spite of the authorities, who stopped it as soon as they possibly could. In the second, certain French officials were pleased to enforce a half-forgotten clause of a treaty without warning, and to behave with conspicuous harshness towards some English fishermen, who at the worst do not appear to have been great offenders. There is one point, however, on which everybody will quite agree with the French papers. It is in thinking that disputes between the seafaring population of the two countries may put a severe strain on their friendly relations. Nothing can be more likely; but we must point out that, if it takes two to make a quarrel, it equally takes two to make an agreement. Now there have been various signs within this last month that the French coastguard authorities have taken the "sus à l'Angleterre" of the Paris press so much in earnest as to take up a very irritating line towards the English fishermen they may come across. It is, at least, possible that this had quite as much to do with the attack on the Boulogne boat as its own real or imaginary misdoings. English fishermen would not stop to make superfine distinctions between official or unofficial Frenchmen. Of course this is to be deplored, and rioting is very wrong. Still the French may reasonably be asked to do their share in the work of pacification, and there is one easy way open to them. They can, at least, abstain in future from capturing English fisher-boats on pettifogging pretences, and putting their skippers in handcuffs. Perhaps no quarrel ever pointed a better moral, and so let nobody speak too harshly about the patriotic men of Ramsgate.

THE LATE MASTER OF TRINITY.

THE late Master of Trinity would have been fortunate in all the circumstances of his life if he had not in his later years been constantly oppressed by bad health. As student, fellow, tutor, and master of his college, he spent his youth, his manhood, and his age in perhaps the only place to which he felt any strong attachment. Though he took orders, and at one time held an ecclesiastical dignity which was oddly attached by Sir ROBERT PEEL to the office of Greek Professor, he was a scholar, and, as it were, only by accident a divine. For the last twenty years he held the most dignified and most desirable post to which an English scholar can aspire. His reserved manner and the retired habits which he was compelled as an invalid to adopt probably diminished his general popularity; but, if he was wanting in social vivacity, his dignified bearing commanded

the more respect, because it was personal, and not of the well-known academic type. From his youth onwards Dr. THOMPSON was grave and comparatively taciturn; but his interests were wide and various, and among those whom he knew and who understood him he was genuinely sociable. His powers of sarcasm, though they have acquired a kind of celebrity, were seldom exercised. His appreciation of the humour of others was too hearty and sincere to tempt him into competition. His occasional epigrams were not the result either of high spirits or of a censorious nature, but of a keen perception of contrast and absurd inconsistencies or contrasts. Although in appearance he was prematurely aged, he retained to the last much of the impressive and stately presence for which he had been remarkable in his prime. In appearance as in character there was nothing in him commonplace or vulgar.

From the time of his pupilage he was a member of a remarkable society which is now rapidly disappearing. Within a few months its scanty members have been diminished by the loss of Lord HOUGHTON, of Archbishop TRENCH, and now of the Master of Trinity. The names of their former and remaining associates have been duly mentioned in several obituary notices with fitting recognition of their qualities and gifts. Among the best of them, THOMPSON held the place of an intellectual equal, and, when opportunity offered, of a valued and welcome companion. Only a few of his friends could claim a personal acquaintance with his rare contributions to classical research; but they heard with willing and implicit belief that he had proved himself one of the soundest of scholars, and that he was regarded by competent judges as an able exponent of Platonic philosophy. It was certain that he would in all circumstances be exempt from superficial pretences to knowledge, and that he would be careful to satisfy himself before he undertook to offer instruction to others. In minute knowledge of the niceties of Greek scholarship he may have been inferior to three or four of his contemporaries; but his knowledge of the language and literature was extensive and profound. It is easy to believe that his robust understanding enabled him to become an effective preacher, though he can scarcely have risen to eloquence. He was during his tenure of the Greek Professorship a notable Canon of Ely, though he must have regretted the artificial combination of dissimilar duties. In or out of a cathedral pulpit he can never have talked nonsense.

For general politics the Master of Trinity cared little—at least he was never a strong politician. From his earlier years he had professed himself a moderate Whig; and he may probably have thought that the party had established an additional claim to his allegiance when Lord RUSSELL appointed him to the high office which was vacated by the death of Dr. WHEWELL. It happened that he became Master of Trinity at the moment when manly and historical Liberalism was about to be superseded by the ambitious or sentimental restlessness which has since excited constantly growing alarm. Like the great majority of the followers of Lord PALMERSTON and afterwards of Lord RUSSELL, Dr. THOMPSON, when he was compelled to take a political part, naturally followed the flag. The repugnance which he might be expected to feel against wanton and dangerous novelties was freely expressed in conversation; but on the latest occasion of a University contest he voted for one of the wildest of Radicals. Fidelity to party, though it has become one of the most questionable of virtues, is still practised by many loyal Englishmen; and it may therefore be excused. It is allowable to conjecture that Dr. THOMPSON would have voted with the Unionists if he had taken part in the last general election. He might perhaps have remained neutral in former conflicts but for the political tradition which attached to the office of Master. Dr. WHEWELL had been appointed by Sir ROBERT PEEL, and it may have been felt that Lord RUSSELL's party was entitled to profit by the fortune which devolved on him the valuable patronage. The nominee, perhaps, afterwards failed to observe the bitter indignation with which Lord RUSSELL after his retirement regarded the policy of his successor.

Dr. THOMPSON took a keener, though probably not a more sympathetic, interest in the numerous academic changes which were effected or proposed during his term of office. It seems improbable that he should have shared the ignorant eagerness of some of the younger Fellows of colleges to perpetuate in the form of new institutions the fancies and prejudices of the day. Some members of his own college at one time expressed the opinion that it would

be desirable to abolish the office of Master. Their motives may probably have been disinterested, though they were unconsciously influenced by impatience of the ripe wisdom which looks with habitual disfavour on newfangled theories and sudden innovations. Only those who take part in academic affairs can thoroughly understand the details of controversies which seem to be incessant and endless. Observers from the outer world, modestly acknowledging their own ignorance of details, may be excused for distrusting University reformers who seem to occupy themselves in digging up the trees which have been recently planted to examine their roots. It seems not to occur to academic agitators when they undertake to redistribute endowments that modern revolution is not unlikely to decide the question by promiscuous confiscation. It is not altogether prudent to abolish all the safeguards which consist in tradition and in ancient possession; but it is probably useless to remonstrate with a class of amateur legislators which is wholly unacquainted with worldly transactions. University politicians who venture into the open air of general politics are, with few exceptions, the most fanatical and most bigoted of agitators or malcontents. The same qualities are possibly exemplified in their dealings with the matters of which they suppose themselves to possess special knowledge.

There may perhaps be good reasons for some of the innovations which have transformed the two ancient Universities. The Master of Trinity added the weight of his authority to many proposals which grate on the early associations of less competent judges. Dr. THOMPSON probably took on some occasions the most unstatesmanlike course of assuming the lead in movements which he might have been unable to resist. In other cases he acted in the spirit of his well-known maxim that even the youngest of College or University reformers is not infallible. He undoubtedly assented to some measures which greatly offend the prejudices of graduates who have long since ceased to have any practical connexion with the University. The Oxford plan of placing all the candidates for honours on a level with their respective classes has been introduced at Cambridge, and that with Dr. THOMPSON's sanction. In discussion with strangers to the present University he spoke of the change without enthusiasm, as having become inevitable. As he was not in the habit of wearing his heart on his sleeve, his real opinions on this and on some other questions must remain doubtful. There may possibly have been sufficient reasons for the disestablishment of Senior Wranglers and of the first in the Classical Tripos. The shock to the feelings of former believers in University honours has not been mitigated by any apologetic or even conjectural explanation.

But for the compulsory seclusion which was caused by ill health, Dr. THOMPSON would have been well qualified for the ceremonial representation of the College and University which properly belongs to his office. He was naturally at his ease in any company which he might meet or receive, and the dullest visitor could not mistake his reserve for want of ability or of knowledge. Perhaps it was a defect that, like all men of great ability, he was more at his ease with those who were on his own level than with ordinary members of society; but he never affected superiority, nor was he visibly fastidious. To those with whom he was more intimate he was steady in his attachments and uniformly kind. In all his life he probably never lost a friend. After long intervals of separation he recurred without effort to the former terms of pleasant intercourse. Perhaps he enjoyed most keenly the conversation of those who were dissimilar to himself in manner and in character; yet he might have hesitated in a choice between the mellow wisdom of SPEDDING and the brilliant versatility of Lord HOUGHTON. Of himself it may be truly said that all who really knew him liked him, and that no one could despise him.

THE POLICE.

THE Report of Mr. HUGH C. E. CHILDERS's Committee on the "administration and organization of the Metropolitan Police Force" is chiefly remarkable for what it omits. It was appointed "with the view of making such changes as might be necessary to remedy the defects pointed out by the Disturbances Committee." As it has kept strictly to its reference, the Committee has only considered what could be done to improve the police as it stands.

The question whether the force ought not to be largely increased was deliberately set aside. As the last clause of the Report says, "Sir CHARLES WARREN has also stated to 'us that in his opinion the strength of the police should be 'increased; but this question also is beyond the scope of 'our present inquiry.'" Now this recommendation is obviously a much more serious affair than the questions as to appointing more district superintendents and improving communication between the different stations and the head-office. A little earlier the Committee is found declining to discuss Sir CHARLES WARREN's proposal to supply the Chief Commissioner in future with a general staff of assistant chief constables, who would be employed on "The 'care and supervision of recruits; selection and charge 'of horses; general discipline and office work; adjutant's 'duties.'" The Committee did not think it had time enough to consider this proposal in all its bearings. As Sir CHARLES WARREN was himself the most important member of the Committee, and is directly responsible for the good management of the police force, this inability or unwillingness to discuss his chief suggestions inevitably deprives the Report of any great value. If he is right in his opinion that what is most pressingly needed is an increase in the strength of the police and a further development of its semi-military organization, then there is very little good to be got from recommendations to amend this or the other matter of detail in the existing machinery. After reading the Report it becomes tolerably plain that in Sir CHARLES WARREN's opinion something has to be done which must be discussed and settled by a body of much wider powers than Mr. CHILDESS's Committee.

There is no fault to be found with what the Report actually does say on the subjects to which it was confined. When it says that the scandals of last February were more due to mere mismanagement than to inherent defects in organization, it is only repeating what most of us had discovered already. No organization will prevent bungling if commanding officers cannot be found when they are wanted and subordinates will not report what is passing under their noses. Something has been done in the only effectual way to correct this in the future, and it may be taken for granted that the higher officers of the police will avoid the example set them last February on any similar occasion. It is worth noting that the most important recommendation of the Committee is that a part of the London police organization which had been allowed to fall into neglect should be made effective. By the recommendation of a former Committee London was divided into four districts, each of which was to have its own superintendent. As a matter of fact this scheme was never carried out. It does not appear that the four superintendents were all appointed, and those who were appointed do not appear to have been employed on their nominal duties. The inevitable consequence has been pointed out by Sir CHARLES WARREN. As the officers who ought to have been there to maintain discipline and keep up the general efficiency of the force had either not been appointed or were absent from their posts and engaged on other work, the management of the force became slack, and in some districts at least the character of the men had fallen below its former level. To remedy this the Committee recommends the carrying out of the former plan by the appointment of heads of districts who are to be called, at Sir CHARLES WARREN's suggestion, chief constables, to reside in their respective districts, and to have considerable disciplinary powers. This and a few other matters, which hardly appear of sufficient importance to have occupied a strong Committee for weeks, are directly recommended in the Report. In truth, however, the chief decision it has arrived at is that Sir CHARLES WARREN ought to be left to carry out his ideas with the least possible interference. The recommendation ought to be as profitable as any which the Committee could have made. When an officer with a distinguished career is chosen to govern and organize, the surest way of enabling him to do these things with success is to leave his hands free. After the negative part of abstaining from interference, the Home Office should be called on to perform the positive duty of accepting his suggestions. The first of these is an increase in the force, and it is one which can be taken at once; for no further experience and no experiments are needed to prove that the London police is weak for the duties imposed on it.

CATS AT THE ALBERT PALACE.

IF dogs are familiarly termed "the friend of man," cats may certainly hitherto have claimed to be the friend of woman—in fact, there have even been evil-disposed persons who have looked upon the term "tabby" as one that is open to being applied to both lovely woman and her favourite companion. It was, therefore, somewhat remarkable to find that most of the exhibitors at the second annual Cat Show held this past week at the Albert Palace were men. Can it be possible that, in an age when dogs are chiefly kept by young ladies, men are beginning to recognize the attractions of the feline race, and that in the immediate future no bachelor will be complete without a "Madame Théo," as THÉOPHILE GAUTIER named the feline mistress of his household? However, though the lady exhibitors were fewer in number at the Albert Palace than their male rivals, they held their own well in the prize list. The "rarest cat in the Show," as it was termed, belonged to a gentleman, and certainly was a most remarkable animal. Of a smooth light greyish dun-colour, utterly unlike any colour we ever saw on a cat before, it was still more remarkable in having paws, nose, ears, and tail of a rich chestnut brown. The darker shade was not in the guise of a spot or a stripe; the two colours melted into each other in a most un-catlike way, and, as if to add to its peculiarities, it had eyes of a dark deep violet blue. So extraordinary an animal was certainly a bargain at six guineas, the price for which it was sold during the Show. In the same class and close by appeared an animal whose admittance into a Cat Show at all was a curiosity in itself, as it had as little resemblance to a cat as to a hedgehog. It was labelled as a cat; it appeared in the Catalogue as "Mr. 'SALMON'S 'Jumbo'"; but, unless our eyes deceived us grievously, it was one of the large family of *Lemuridae*, and no cat at all. The marking of some of the smooth-haired cats in the brown-tabby and silver-tabby classes was very good; but to our minds the judges had awarded the prizes too much for the coat and too little for the shape of the head. A long, lean, narrow, hungry-looking head is a great disfigurement to a cat, no matter how beautiful may be the coat and markings. Amongst the red-and-white tabbies Mr. G. PHIPPS took an easy first prize with his "Joe," whose splendid coat and magnificent golden eyes, like a tiger's, well deserved a reward. The Manxes were very few in number, and a lady took a first prize with a fairly good specimen. Some of the most numerous filled classes were those of the "tortoiseshells," and no doubt they were very beautiful to the educated eye, but to the uneducated one it would be hard to imagine animals more hideous than the prize-winners in the "red-yellow-and-black-tortoiseshell" class. Such villainous, brindled, patched, evil countenances it has seldom been our fate to see on any cat. The "long-haired" classes—the compiler of the Catalogue wisely avoided the vexed question of "Angoras" and "Persians"—were decidedly good, and contained the most beautiful cat in the Show—Mrs. THOMPSON'S "Winks," possessor of a perfect coat of the most exquisitely even shade of bluish smoke colour. This cat was awarded a silver medal as well as a first prize, and she well deserved both. The cages that naturally attracted the greatest attention were those containing the half-grown long-haired kittens. The first prize was easily won by Mr. WEIGHTMAN with an absolutely perfect pair of pure white Persians, seven weeks old, whom he had wisely provided with amusement in the shape of suspended cords, which enabled the kittens to show themselves off to far greater advantage than their unutterably bored neighbours. What absolute monsters cats sometimes develop into was shown by the entries in the "Class for 'Weight Only,'" where a feline DANIEL LAMBERT, belonging to Mrs. LOVELUCK, took first prize. It would have been interesting to know the weight of this flabby and pendulous monster, but it was not given (as it should have been in such a class) in the Catalogue. Special prizes were given in the classes for cats exhibited by working-men, who evidently set considerable store by their pets, as the greater number of them were marked "Not for sale." An exception to this rule was Mr. FISHER, who priced his nine-months old short-haired cat at 1,000*l.*, and no doubt "suffered many things in a dream" for fear that some one would appropriate so great a bargain as this. Altogether the Show was a most interesting one, though no doubt both owners and animals were not sorry when the end of the

fourth and final day of exhibition arrived. A word of praise may be given to the management of the Albert Palace for the careful cleanliness with which the animals and cages were kept.

THE ENGLISH COAST.

MICHELET and Captain MARRYAT were both of opinion that the sea had a partiality for the English coast. The historian who raised history to the dignity of romance noted that "La mer est anglaise d'inclination; elle n'aime pas la France; elle brise nos vaisseaux; elle ensable nos ports." Captain MARRYAT, again, has drawn a patriotic comparison between the five ports of the English Channel coast and the small, mean, and dirty havens on the other side. Of late some among us have begun to doubt whether MICHELET was not too despondent and MARRYAT too confident. It is not that the English ports are worse or the French better than they were, as far as can be seen, but that the sea is discovered to be engaged in wearing the solid parts of our coast away and reducing it to shingle. A Correspondent of the *Times* has devoted a long article to showing what an amount of mischief is being done all round the sea-line, and particularly in the Channel. The rain wears the cliffs away at the top and the waves eat them out below. On the Dorsetshire coast the cliffs crumble down, and the remains are carried away by the sea. Golden Cap has sunk some thirty or forty feet in as many years. At Sidmouth the land seems to be sinking at the rate of ten inches in a hundred years, so that by A.D. 3000 or thereabouts it will have gone the road of Earl GODWIN's earldom and the Kingdom of Lyonesse. In 1813, "at Langney, near Beachy Head, the Martello Towers 69, 70, 71, and 72 were all some distance above high-water mark. They are now all destroyed, and only the ruins of two of them are laid bare at half tide." Elsewhere a whole furlong of land has gone in a century. Beachy Head itself, in spite of its hard foundation, has been deprived of a great mass of its upper part within this century. Neither ought it, according to this witness, to be any consolation that what is taken from one point is added to another. What goes is cliff. What is added is shingle, or, at the best, when human industry comes in, "new low land mud flats requiring constant protection." Such things and sand-banks do not replace lost cliffs. That, indeed, is abundantly true. How many more miles of flat shingle would have to be added to Dungeness, in addition to the three miles or so deposited there by the Channel since the lighthouse was built, to compensate for the loss of Beachy Head if ever it should come down?

But, after all, the sea does give something for what it takes away. If it has filed the coast down at some places, it has helped to build up a belt of solid ground in front of every one of the Cinque Ports except Dover and to make Romney Marsh. These banks may not be as picturesque as the cliffs, but they suffice for the purpose of protecting the land behind. There is another force at work, however, on the coast which is more fell and hungry than the sea. When it takes away anything from the coast it leaves a mere hole. This destructive monster is simply industrial enterprise, and its doings are often dreadful to behold. The *Times* quotes many instances of its ravages, and it might have added another from the neighbourhood of London itself. A few years ago a necessitous landed proprietor discovered that the high ground on the Kent side of the Lower Thames could be dug out for ballast, being composed almost wholly of a manageable gravel. Since then some square miles of solid hill have been cut out and transported in the holds of colliers to the Northern ports, where this pillage from the county of Kent is thrown away. Elsewhere the same process is going on. At Lyme the cliffs are stripped for limestone. "From a tract east and west of the river Brit, belonging respectively to General PITT-RIVERS and the Earl of ILCHESTER, and leased to private individuals, something like 10,000 tons may be carted away in six months." Shingle, gravel, and sand are taken right and left, and as often as not quite illegally. All and sundry are not entitled to come down to the beach and take from it gravel, shingle, or sand which they happen to want, and yet when a few years ago the Board of Trade tried to put a stop to depredation of this sort at Sidmouth, the local opposition was so strong that the department was frightened into giving up the attempt. Mere destruction of this sort

ought surely to be checked. Whether it is necessary to appoint more Government officials, as the Correspondent seems to think, for the purpose, is another question. A new official is the standing remedy for all evils in these times, but when the Board of Trade has ample powers already, he is quite superfluous. What is wanted is that the existing powers of the Crown should be properly used. Among them is the right to make the Corporations of seaport towns construct their piers and sea-walls on sound principles. This could be done by keeping a proper check on their private Bills, and if it were, these so-called defensive works might be prevented from being what they too commonly are; to wit, a fresh source of mischief.

A MODERN MYTH.

WHATEVER there may be to be said for the opinion which the Royal Academy has of its position to-day, there is one thing which ought not to be said again. It is that the Forty have always assumed the same attitude towards the public that they take to-day. This, though it is frequently enough repeated, is far from being historically true. The first leaf of the first Catalogue (1769) is a proof of it. Thus it runs (the italics are our own):—

ROYAL ACADEMY, CATALOGUE OF FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

(Recto)

THE | EXHIBITION | OF THE | ROYAL ACADEMY, | MDCCCLXIX
THE FIRST.

Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.—Virg.

Printed by WILLIAM BUNCE,
Printer to the Royal Academy.

(Verso)

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the present Exhibition is a part of the Institution of an Academy supported by Royal Munificence, the Public may naturally expect the Liberty of being admitted without any Expence.

The Academicians therefore think it necessary to declare, that this was very much their desire, but that they have not been able to suggest any other Means than that of receiving Money for Admittance, to prevent the Room from being filled by improper Persons, to the entire Exclusion of those for whom the Exhibition is apparently intended.

Thus, in the public announcement of his first adventure, does the Royal Academician define his position and declare himself. He belongs, to begin with, "to an Academy supported by Royal Munificence," and, that being the case, he is humble enough to admit that "the Public may naturally expect the Liberty of being admitted without any Expence." This was "very much their (the Academicians') desire." But it was impossible, given the necessity of preventing "the Room from being filled with improper Persons," to suggest "any other Means than that of receiving Money for Admittance," and the dream of an entrance-fee became an accomplished fact. Such (in those days) was the desire of TOM, DICK, HARRY, and their kind to keep themselves abreast with the current of English art that, but for the infliction of a fine of so much, they would have attended the first exhibition of the Royal Academy, "to the entire Exclusion of those for whom the Exhibition was apparently intended." Only in the public interest, and with a world of hesitancy and deference, does the Royal Academician of the past propose his tax. The creature of a "Royal Munificence," he does not dare do otherwise. He stoops, he makes obeisance, he explains; he is, not the public's master, but its very humble and obedient servant.

This, one would think, is a sufficiently explicit statement on the part of the founders of the Academy, who must be presumed to have known what they meant, of their own idea of their position. Manifestly they did not believe themselves to be an independent body, free to deal with art without control, but a dependent society of artists, largely indebted to the munificence of the King, and therefore subject to control by him, or, what amounts to the same thing in our constitutional practice, by that large and varied body, his "advisers." Here it must be acknowledged is a good illustration, if not an argument, for the service of those who desire to see the Academy kept under stricter State control.

IRELAND VIEWED FROM THE LIBRARY.

IT would not be difficult for any one acquainted with Mr. GLADSTONE'S peculiarities as an orator to discover from his speech at Hawarden what he feels to be the weakest part of his argument for the repeal of the Act of Union. His consciousness of the extreme infirmity of the historical theory on which that argument rests was attested by the extraordinary pains which he took to fortify it, and the inordinate amount of space which he assigned to this endeavour in, for him, not a particularly lengthy speech. Mr. GLADSTONE'S strange perversions of Irish history for the years 1782-1800 have, however, been so frequently exposed, and have just now undergone so recent and complete an exposure at the hands of the critic whose corrections of them we notice elsewhere, that the whole of the historical portion of his Hawarden prelection may be dismissed from consideration. We may just pause before passing from the subject of the Union to record our satisfaction at learning from the author of the famous denunciation of the "black-guardism" of that transaction that the letter, from which this elegant extract was taken, was never intended by him for publication. It is, however, an amiable vanity of Mr. GLADSTONE to suppose that he shines generally in historical criticism or that he has ever had much of a public for his disquisitions in that kind. He is much better worth listening to on contemporary politics, where everybody can check his facts; and for one reader, probably, who has lingered over his quotations from Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH and Mr. LECKY and his analysis of the composition of GRATTAN'S Parliament, a dozen have hurried on to see what he had to say about the existing situation in Ireland and the present position of parties in Parliament.

A fatal inappropriateness beset the distinguished orator's observations on both these subjects. With respect to the former, indeed, the collision between fair words and grim facts is of too serious a character to lend itself to anything but serious treatment. Mr. GLADSTONE'S remarks on the latter subject are, on the other hand, quite unworthy of being treated in such a way. Nothing could have been more ironically infelicitous than his construction, at this of all possible moments, of the theory that the Unionist Liberals will be forced by the necessities of their position to decline into a mere "tail of the Tory party." The promulgation of this notable discovery has the simple effect of entirely cutting off Mr. GLADSTONE from the whole of his supporters in the press, whose cue for the moment it is to represent the relations between the Government and the Unionist Liberals as exactly "the other way round." While the leader is insisting that Lord HARTINGTON, and still more Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, will have to sink their principles in order to maintain the Unionist alliance, the followers are accusing Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL of having made the alliance safe by adopting those principles himself. Between the merits of these two—which we may distinguish as the Gladstonian and the Gladstonite theories of the situation—it is certainly not for us to decide. We would merely submit to their respective advocates that they cannot both be sound, and that it would be as well if Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers would endeavour to agree on the question whether MAHOMED has gone to the mountain or whether the reverse operation has taken place. Neither of the two explanations can, we imagine, be surrendered without a pang by those who favour it. Mr. GLADSTONE will not readily bring himself to admit that his revolted followers can keep him out of office for an indefinite period without doing any violence to their political consciences; nor will the *Daily News* relish having to give up the thesis at which it laboured with such praiseworthy assiduity, that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has appropriated the Liberal programme. Both to leader and followers the proposition, which one or the other will have to retract, supplied the only crumb of comfort wherewith to sustain their fainting spirits in presence of a profoundly discouraging Parliamentary situation. Deprive them of these, and they will both have to fall back upon that comically feeble consolation which Mr. GLADSTONE presented to his hearers at Hawarden at the close of his speech. They will have to go on repeating mechanically to themselves, "Do you think that the people of Scotland, who have returned some two to one" in favour of the GLADSTONE-PARNELL policy, "are so light-minded" as to recede from their position on the question? And they will have to shut their ears to the retorted inquiry, "Do you think that the

"English people are so light-minded as to do a like thing!" They will have to whisper to themselves that the reason why London returned a majority against the GLADSTONE-PARNELL policy is because the people of London have "the great and terrible misfortune of knowing nothing of local self-government." And if anybody remarks that Birmingham, which pronounced unanimously against the GLADSTONE-PARNELL policy, has the great and singular good-fortune of knowing more about local self-government, and of having carried it to a higher pitch of elaboration, than any other community in the kingdom, they must pretend not to hear him, and turn the conversation to the weather.

There is however, as we have said, a far more serious side to Mr. GLADSTONE'S remarks on the existing situation in Ireland. It is true in a certain sense that, audacious as they were in their ignoring of notorious and disgraceful facts, they were only in keeping with the scandal of the occasion. That the late Prime Minister of England should receive the freedom of a Corporation which defied the authority of his Government with equal insolence and success might in itself, perhaps, have prepared the public for a good deal. But we doubt whether any one could quite have expected the denouncer of the Land League, the author of the Crimes Act, and the imprisoner of Mr. PARNELL to actually say that "during the progress of this great struggle"—that is to say, the struggle for which Mr. PARNELL took his coat off six years ago—he knows of no instance "in which the bounds of moderation have been passed" by the Irish nation, engaged in what has been a "purely constitutional controversy," except in the excess of their compliments to himself. It is thus that the statesman upon the head of whom and of whose colleagues rests the responsibility for the two years of unchecked crime which for purely party purposes they permitted in Ireland, and which, if it had not culminated in a political assassination of a kind unknown in this country for more than half a century, might never have been checked at all—it is thus that such a statesman can speak of what he calls the constitutional controversy, adding the almost fatuous reflection that "we are not now contemplating such dreadful alterations as in 1829," when Catholic emancipation was passed to escape civil war. What, we should like to know, is the alternative proposed to the farmers of Kerry who happen to have fallen under the ban of the National League—a body which takes its very name from the purely "constitutional controversy" in which it is engaged? Is it likely to present itself to the two daughters of Mr. JONES of King William's Town as a much preferable alternative to, or indeed as practically distinguishable from, civil war? Or are the victims of that most atrocious of outrages expected to join in approval of the "moderation" with which the struggle has been carried on? But the Moonlighters who have just shot these two defenceless girls, and left one of them, it is to be feared, in a dying state, have at least rendered us the service of exhibiting the cynical egotism of Mr. GLADSTONE'S political temperament with very striking effect. There is, of course, a certain amount of affectation in his insensibility. It may hereafter suit his purpose not to have recognized the true state of affairs in Ireland. "The Government," says one of the most unscrupulous of Radical journalists, "are anxious that there should be disturbances in Ireland of a sufficiently grave character to justify coercion." Mr. GLADSTONE may be charged with the less disposition to ignore disturbances in Ireland in order hereafter to oppose coercion. But he may carry these tactics to the point of indecency. There was something which must have shocked even the most careless and unimaginative of observers in the contrast between the morning scene at the door of the lonely Irish farmhouse and the afternoon performance in the snug library at Hawarden. "Constitutional controversy" and "political moderation" no doubt present themselves under considerably different aspects to an actor in the former scene and to a participant in the latter. But, on the whole, we imagine that the English public will be inclined rather to share the view which is taken of the matter among Mr. JONES'S household than that which prevails in the family of Mr. GLADSTONE. On the whole, we are disposed to think that this spectacle of the chief author of disorder in Ireland receiving the fulsome homage of his admirers at the very moment when one of the latest of its innocent victims was lying at death's door will not be found edifying. And if this new illustration of Mr. GLADSTONE'S callous egotism

serves in any degree to deepen the discredit into which he has fallen, and to add to the number of tardily-opened eyes which are now surveying him, there will be something gained.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

IN the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. E. G. SALMON propounds, and attempts to answer, the momentous question, What it is that girls read. Speaking generally, it might be said, and with perfect truth, that girls read all the novels they can lay their hands on, and especially such as deal in the straightest and most thorough-going style with the passion of love. This conclusion, however, is too simple for Mr. SALMON. To him there are writers for girls as there are writers for boys; and on some of these—Miss DOUDNEY, Miss BEALE, Miss ALCOTT, Miss SEWELL, Mrs. MARSHALL—he expatiates with an eloquence of appreciation that is here and there a trifle incongruous. In the main, however, his remarks are just, and his observations the reverse of inappropriate. He complains, for instance, of girls' literature in general that it is far too goody-goody, and that it is sometimes anything but amusing. He points out, with perfect truth, that it is not nearly so easy to write with spirit and *entrain* of the trivial events in which it is held that the average Young Person is in duty bound to be interested as it is of the adventures and the feats of arms, the moving accidents by flood and field, which form the staple of most books for boys; and he concludes that, to be really popular with girls, the novelist who caters for them must be no more lacking in "go" than Mr. R. L. STEVENSON (let us say) or the lamented MAYNE REID. The *Treasure Island* of Minerva House has yet to be written, it is true; and so have the *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Peter Simple*. But this is so far a matter of no consequence at all; for, as Mr. SALMON is careful to remark, girls are every whit as fond of boys' books as boys themselves, and read them every whit as greedily and well. They are of DESDEMONA's mind, in fact, and like things to hear with her do seriously incline. One lady writes to say that, in her youth, she "always preferred JULES VERNE and BALLANTYNE, "and *Little Women* and *Good Wives*, to all other books "except those of CHARLES LEVER"; and her case is very far indeed from being special or singular. Girls, as we have said, are excessively addicted to the perusal of love-stories; but, failing these, there is nothing they like so well as the stories of adventure that are written for their brothers. They read fiction, not to be "improved," but, like everybody else, to be excited and amused; and the "moral" novel that would stand a chance of preference to such books as *Cometh up as a Flower* and *Folle Parine*, as *Kidnapped* and *King Solomon's Mines*, has yet, we take it, to be written.

Another, and a very just, complaint of Mr. SALMON's is that the tendency of most of the stuff that is written for girls is ridiculously and unnaturally melancholy. "If you are wicked," says the teacher, "you must reform, and when you have reformed you will die." That is all she has to tell her public, and her public is right in refusing to believe it. Why, indeed, should she "speak like a death's-head," and be always bidding her readers to "remember their end"? Girls have something else to live for than the prospect of an early tomb; and, as our author suggests, it is a little too "thin" to ask them to be virtuous to no other purpose than that they shall be unhappy. Such philosophy is silly in intention as well as false in substance; and such girls as reject it are a good deal wiser than their teachers. These, of course, are well-meaning enough; and an ideal of self-sacrifice is worlds better and more useful, when all's said and done, than an ideal of self-indulgence. But it is easy to have too much of a good thing, and that our ascetics cannot or will not see. Moreover, there are many forms of self-sacrifice, and, to those who are beginning life, the particular form which is inseparable from a premature death-bed (however beautifully described) is not exactly that one which comes easiest or is most pleasant to contemplate. It was otherwise in the brave days of old. Then it was DON'T CARE (of noble and fearless memory) who went to the gallows; it was the professional Naughty Child that was eaten by lions. Now it is all the opposite way; and to be good and not succumb to cholera is considered not merely impossible, but eminently undesirable. The present is confessedly a namby-pamby and a sentimental age; but it has achieved no higher point of sentiment and namby-pambyism than this.

As to what girls ought and ought not to read, the question is one on which authorities are divided. Mr. SALMON opines, for instance, that what is best for them is biography, and especially female biography; and is positive in asserting that, as far as those of the working classes are concerned, "there is hardly a magazine read by them which "it would not be a moral benefit to have swept off the face "of the earth." Again, the author of *Girls and their Ways*, in a list of some hundreds of books which girls should read, includes the poems of LANGLAND and Sir HENRY TAYLOR, and omits from it the Bible and the works of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. The lady who calls herself PHILLIS BROWNE confesses to a liking for novels, and altogether draws the line at such works as *The Christian Philosopher* of Dr. DICK, which was forced upon her by a stern parent who had caught her in the act of indulging in fiction "of a questionable character," and was, not unnaturally, "exceedingly "angry." And the worst is that in this conflict of opinion there is no help to be got from girls themselves. They are not slow to tell us what they like; but it is to be feared that their confession is less remarkable for truth than for a sense of feminine propriety. Of a thousand young ladies whom Mr. CHARLES WELSH has been at the pains to examine as to who is their "favourite writer of fiction," three hundred and thirty have replied that theirs is CHARLES DICKENS, two hundred and twenty-six have confessed to a secret passion for WALTER SCOTT, while only eight are enamoured of Mr. WILLIAM BLACK, and not more than eleven are daring and candid enough to prefer Miss BRADDOX. The worshippers of Canon FARRAR make a "graceful troupe "of twenty-two"; THACKERAY has but eighteen followers; CARLYLE, Mr. RUSKIN, and Miss HAVERGAL are esteemed above all others by only six; while MARRYAT, CHARLOTTE BRONTË, Mrs. GASKELL, and Mrs. HEMANS among the dead, and Mrs. MARSHALL, "LEWIS CARROLL," and Messrs. ANSTEY and BALLANTYNE among the living, count but five devoted followers apiece. Messrs. STEVENSON and HAGGARD are not placed; no more is the gorgeous, the passionate, the soul-subduing OUIDA; no more are Miss RHODA BROUGHTON, Miss HELEN MATHERS, Miss FLORENCE MARRYAT, Miss MARY HAY, and the author of *Called Back*. For which reason (and others) it is safe to conclude that the testimony of this particular thousand young ladies leaves the matter as mysterious and obscure as ever.

EELS AT THE EAST END.

THE toothsome-ness of eels has seldom been questioned, and the appreciative "Lady JANE" of the *Ingoldsby Legends* has probably had sympathizers by the score; but that it is possible to have too much of even so good a thing as eels has been recently demonstrated in the East End.

It appears that three years ago some of the filter-beds belonging to the East London Water Company burst suddenly, and the unfiltered water made its way into the mains. This would have been a sufficiently unpleasant occurrence even if the matter had stopped there; but, unfortunately for the East End consumers of water the unfiltered water contained a quantity of "minute eels and other fish." What became of the "other fish" we are not told, but what has become of the eels has been made clearly manifest by the plague of them from which the unhappy East-Enders are now suffering. These baby elvers have thrown light on the assertions of many pisciculturists who declare that all eels must pay an annual visit to the sea. Enclosed as these were in iron mains, it was obviously impossible for them to get to salt water; nevertheless they not only multiplied considerably, but increased in size to such an extent that some are reported to be eighteen inches long. No doubt the customers of the East London Water Company would not complain if the latter would only deliver these fish gratis at their doors, but they are ungrateful enough to object to their supply of water being apparently thickened with eels in various stages of decomposition. The eels, it is said, get caught in the stop-cocks and taps, and, though it is proverbially difficult to kill an eel, these modern mechanical appliances prove too many for these fish, and they seem to die freely. The not unnatural result of such a state of affairs is that the water becomes horridly putrid, and at least one family who drank too freely of this pleasing mixture of eels and water has been laid low with typhoid fever. Appeals to the Company have had but small success. After the ways of Companies when caught in *flagrante delicto*, they

vaguely promise that "the utmost endeavours" shall be used to get rid of the eels, without in the least specifying in what line those endeavours will be made. They assert as proof of their good faith that the mains have been repeatedly flushed since the accident three years ago, in the hope of clearing out the offenders; but a little knowledge of the habits of eels, and the way in which far tinier ones than these eighteen-inch monsters will hold their own and force their way against the full stream of a river, would have shown the hope to be, as it has in fact proved, a delusion. The engineer of the Company also informed the Sanitary Authority that he "does not consider that the water is injured by the eels, as long as they are alive." But, while those eels are alive, they must feed; and, in fact, to increase in size and number as they have done they must feed uncommonly well. Every one is familiar with the monthly reports of the chemists employed by the Water Companies to the effect that "the water is absolutely free from living organisms." As the accident to the filter-beds occurred three years ago, we suppose that at least upwards of thirty of these monthly reports have been made and circulated during that time. The question, therefore, arises what, if the water has been all along so "absolutely free from living organisms," have these eels found to eat on which they have thriven so marvellously? Iron mains will hardly allow of the growth of weeds or other vegetable matter, and, even if they did, that would scarcely help the question of the purity of the water. The Local Board of West Ham has done well, if tardily, in making a complaint to the Local Government Board *in re* the eels. The question not only as regards the state of things in the East End, but also as to the past analytical reports to which we have referred, is an urgent and a wide-spreading one, for the public have a right to expect to have pure water supplied to them.

DOG-KEEPING IN LONDON.

IT is well, no doubt, to be on our guard against drawing erroneous conclusions from the multiplication of "dog-cases" in the newspapers. All such cases are reported just now with much more regularity, fulness, and prominence than was formerly usual, and some part of the apparent increase in their numbers is doubtless thus to be accounted for. But they are frequent enough, after due allowance for this, to indicate that there is still much to be done to put an end to the mischiefs and dangers which all true lovers of the dog, as distinguished from the maudlin gushers who can do everything for their pets but look after them, must desire to see abated. Two cases which were reported in the newspapers of a day or two ago are still, we fear, of a typical character—typical, we mean, of two prevalent kinds of dog-owner's neglect. In one case a girl between fourteen and fifteen years of age, showing ugly marks of a dog's teeth on her cheek, together with what is described as "extensive ecchymosis of the right eye," appeared at the Southwark Police Court with her mother to apply for a summons against the owner of the dog by which she had been thus badly bitten. As often happens in such cases, she was unable to show the owner's knowledge of the animal's dangerous propensity, and was dismissed to seek her remedy in a County Court. There is fortunately no reason to suspect the dog of rabies, but the incident repeats the constantly recurring experience of a dog being kept by a man who only does not know him to be a biter because, in all probability, he knows nothing about his habits whatever. It would be difficult to "prove a scientist" against some people as to a single quality or habit of the animals they possess. The other case was the almost equally common one of the dog who is sent out "under the control" of the perambulator. The animal was in this instance walking some yards behind its custodian, who was requested by a policeman either to lead or carry it in her arms. This she declined to do, and the constable then seized the dog, which promptly bit him. It was taken to the police-station, where it exhibited the usual signs of "snapping and foaming at the mouth," and was destroyed. It may or may not have been mad; but, if it was not, the owner who sent it out in charge of a maid too lazy, too cowardly, or too preoccupied to control it when bidden to do so, has only himself to thank for the loss.

A Society, we are glad to observe, called "The Society for the Prevention of Hydrophobia and the Reform of the Dog Laws," has been formed, having for its main object the enforcement of a better control over dogs. Its members aim, we are informed, "not only at strengthening the hand of the executive in the matter of hydrophobia, but also at securing a well-defined, more rigid, and more comprehensive system of legislation for checking certain well-recognized dog nuisances." As one means to this end, or rather as a means to the end of diminishing the nuisance by reducing the number of dogs, they will endeavour to procure a more consistent enforcement of the dog-tax, if not to increase its amount. Each of these measures would doubtless produce a certain effect in the desired direction, but there is a vast deal to be done among a class of dog-owners who doubtless pay the tax with strict regularity, and whom no conceivable increase in its amount would reach. We refer to the class of well-to-do people—formidably large, if we may judge from the number of their naive self-exposures in the *Daily News*—who keep dogs, usually of a large and costly breed, to walk behind them for precisely the same reason that induced their grandmothers to keep a black page to perform the same office—that is to say, for pure purposes of display. We refer, again, to the lordly and light-hearted gentleman who, living at the West End of London, and spending all his days in the City, informs the world that he makes a point of seeing his Irish wolfhound at least once every week, and still more frequently inquires of the servants how it is getting on; while for the preservation of its health he gives particular orders that it should be taken out daily with the children by MARY ANN, *etat.* 17, and who holds all dogs in the superstitious horror so common among her class. These are the gentry whom we really want to reach, and there is good reason to think that a very little addition to their personal trouble in connexion with this particular piece of display will induce them to "put it down" as readily as they would part with a troublesome horse. As a matter of fact, the addition in question ought to be very considerable—as every one who has kept a dog in London conscientiously—that is to say, with a proper regard alike to his duty towards his dog and to his duty towards his neighbour—is well aware. If dog-keeping on these scrupulous principles in a city like London is not to become an intolerable *corvée*, it must be based on some very much stronger feeling of comradeship with one's canine companion, and with a far greater willingness to make personal sacrifices for his comfort, than most of the "gushers" appear for a moment to suspect.

DR. THOMPSON.

THE death of the Master of Trinity College has severed almost the last of the links which connect the present life of Cambridge with the past. When he entered Trinity College in October 1828 Wordsworth was Master, Whewell, Evans, Peacock, and Higman the four tutors, Thirlwall junior dean, and Julius Charles Hare one of the classical lecturers. From that time until his death last Friday week his connexion with his college was unbroken; for a brief absence soon after his election to a Fellowship, and the unavoidable periods of residence as a canon of Ely Cathedral, need hardly be taken into account. He was therefore, up to a certain point, a typical Trinity man of the older school; a firm believer in the greatness of his college, and in the obligation laid upon him personally to promote it by every means in his power. But he did not admire blindly, and could recognize if he did not welcome the necessity for changes in the old order from time to time; and he was known throughout the best period of his intellectual life as a Liberal and a reformer. He was a rare combination of a student without pedantry and a man of the world without foppishness or loss of principle. As an undergraduate he was fortunate in forming the friendship of men who afterwards became celebrated in the world of letters, most of them members of that famous coterie which

held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land.

In their society he laid the foundation of that wide knowledge of literature, that keen interest in whatever was going forward, that habit of weighing all things in the nicely-adjusted balance of thoughtful criticism, which made what he wrote so valuable and what he said so delightful. Nor, after he had obtained his Fellowship, and was free to do as he liked, was he content to become a student and nothing more. He was careful to add a knowledge of men and manners to what he was learning from books. He

travelled abroad, and acquired a competent knowledge of more than one modern language; while at home the friends of his undergraduate days were not forgotten. He was a welcome, and we believe a frequent, guest at their houses both in town and country, where his fine presence, his courteous bearing, and his quiet, epigrammatic conversation were keenly appreciated. To the influence of these social surroundings he owed that absence of narrowness which is inseparable from a University career if it be not tempered by influences from the outside.

Academic lives usually contain few details to arrest the biographer, and his was no exception to the rule. His father was a solicitor at York, and he was born there on the 27th of March, 1810. He was educated at a private school, which he left when he was thirteen years old, and was then placed under the care of a tutor, where he remained until he came up to Trinity in the Michaelmas Term, 1828, as one of the pupils of Mr. Peacock, afterwards Dean of Ely. To his watchful care and sound advice he felt himself under deep obligation, and in after-life he used to describe him as "the best and wisest of tutors." It had been at first intended that he should enter as a sizar; but this decision was reversed at the last moment, and he matriculated as a pensioner. He obtained a scholarship in 1830, and one of the Members' prizes for a Latin Essay in 1831. At that time candidates for Classical Honours could not present themselves for the Classical Tripos until they had satisfied the examiners for the Mathematical. Thompson must have devoted a considerable portion of his time to that subject, for he appears in the Tripos of 1832 as tenth Senior Optime. In the Classical Tripos he obtained the fourth place, being beaten by Lushington, Shilleto, and Dobson, the first of whom beat him again in the examination for the Chancellor's medals, of which he won only the second. He was elected Fellow of his College in 1834. His reputation as a scholar marked him out for immediate employment as one of the assistant-tutors; but for a time either no vacancy presented itself, or men senior to himself had to be appointed. Meanwhile he accepted a mastership in a school at Leicester, work which, we believe, he did not find congenial. In October 1837 he was recalled to Cambridge by the offer of an assistant-tutorship. In 1844, on the retirement of Mr. Heath, he became tutor, an office which he held until he obtained the Regius Professorship of Greek in 1853. The other candidates on that occasion were Shilleto and Philip Freeman, but the electors were all but unanimous in their choice of Thompson. In the spring of 1866, on the death of Dr. Whewell, he was appointed to the Mastership of Trinity College.

In attempting to estimate the value of his work as a classical teacher, it must be remembered that he was the direct heir of the system introduced into Trinity College by Hare and Thirlwall. We are not aware that he attended the lectures of the former, though he may well have done so, but we have heard from his own lips that he derived great benefit from those of the latter, which were as systematic as Hare's had been desultory. Those distinguished scholars, while not neglecting an author's language, were careful to direct the attention of their pupils to his matter. They did not waste time unduly on the theories of this or that commentator, though they had carefully digested them, but they showed how their author might be made to explain himself. In fine, the discovery of his thoughts, not the dry elucidation of his words, was the object of their teaching. Translation, again, received from them a larger share of attention than it had done from their predecessors. In this particular Thompson attained an excellence which has perhaps never been equalled. His translations never smelt of the lamp, though it may be easily imagined that this perfection had not been arrived at without much preliminary study. But, when presented to the class, this toil was carefully kept out of sight. He stood at his desk and read his author into English, with neither manuscript nor even notes before him—as though the translation was wholly unpremeditated—in a style which reflected the original with exact fidelity whatever the subject selected might be. He seemed equally at home in a dialogue of Plato, a tragedy of Euripides in which, like the *Bacchæ*, the lyric element predominates, or a comedy of Aristophanes. He did not labour in vain. The lecture-room was crowded with eager listeners; and the happiest renderings were passed from mouth to mouth, and so made the round of the University. But we are glad to think that his fame as a scholar rests on a firmer foundation than the traditions of the lecture-room, however brilliant. The author of his choice was Plato, and though ill-health and a too fastidious criticism of his own powers, which made him unwilling to let a piece of work go out of his hands so long as there was any chance of making it better, stood in the way of the complete edition, or, at any rate, translation, of the author, which he once meditated, yet he has left enough good work behind him to command the gratitude of future scholars. To this study he was doubtless directed, in the first instance, by natural predilection; but, if we mistake not, he was confirmed in it by the scholars above mentioned, either directly or by their suggesting to him the study of Schleiermacher, whose writings were first introduced to English readers by their influence. His theory—that Plato had a comprehensive and precise doctrine to teach, which he deliberately concealed under the complicated machinery of a series of dialogues, leaving his readers to combine and interpret for themselves the dark hints and suggestions afforded to them—was followed by Thompson with great learning, unerring tact, and firm grasp. His editions of the *Phædrus* (1868) and the *Gorgias* (1871) are models of what an edition, based on these principles,

ought to be; and the paper on the *Sophistes*, long lost sight of in the Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, but republished in the *Journal of Philology* (1879), is a masterpiece. Nor must we omit an introductory lecture on the *Philebus*, written in 1855, and published in the same journal (1882), which is a piece of literature as well as a piece of criticism; or the learned and instructive notes to Archer Butler's *Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy*, the first edition of which appeared in 1855.

Thompson discharged the difficult duties of a college tutor with admirable patience and discretion. Those who knew him imperfectly called him cold, hard, and sarcastic, and his bearing towards his brother Fellows gave occasionally, we must admit, some colour to the accusation. But in reality he was an exceedingly modest man, diffident of himself, reserved, and at first somewhat shy in the society of those whom he did not know well. Again, it must be recollected that nature had dealt out to him a measure of "irony, that master-spell," of a quality that a Talleyrand might have envied. Hence, especially when slightly nervous, he got into a habit of letting his words fall into well-turned sarcastic sentences almost unconsciously. The most ordinary remark, when uttered by him, became an epigram. We maintain, however, that he never said an unkind word intentionally, or crushed anybody who did not richly deserve it. For the noisy advocate of crude opinions, or the pretender to knowledge which he did not possess, were reserved those withering sentences which froze the victim into silence, and, being carefully treasured up by his friends, and repeated at intervals, clung to him like a brand. To his own pupils Thompson's demeanour was the reverse of this. At a time when the older men of the University—with the exception, perhaps, of Professor Sedgwick—were not in sympathy with the rising generation, he made them feel that they had in him a friend who would really stand *in loco parentis* to them. Somewhat indolent by nature, on their behalf he would spare no trouble; but, on the other hand, he would allow of no interference. "He is a pupil of mine, you had better leave him to me," he would say to the Seniors, when an undergraduate on his "side" got into trouble; but it may be questioned whether many a delinquent would not have preferred public exposure to the awful half-hour in his tutor's study by which his rescue was succeeded. Nor did his interest in them cease when they left college. He was always glad to see them or to write to them, and few, we imagine, took any important step in life without consulting him.

When Thompson became Greek Professor, a canonry at Ely was still united to the office—an expedient for augmenting the salary which, we are glad to say, will not trouble future Professors. To most men, trained as he had been, the new duties thus imposed upon him would have been thoroughly distasteful; and we are not sure that he ever took a real pleasure in his residences at Ely. In fact, more than one bitter remark might be quoted to prove that he did not. Notwithstanding, he made himself extremely popular there, both with the Chapter and the citizens, and he soon became a good preacher. It is to be regretted that only one of his sermons—that on the death of Dean Peacock—should have been printed; but that one is in its way a masterpiece.

He became Master rather late in life, when the habits of a bachelor student had grown upon him, and he lacked the superabundant energy of his great predecessor. But for some years he discharged the multifarious duties of his office with regularity, and took his due share of University and College business. He was an excellent examiner, appreciating good work of very different sorts. Gradually, however, as his health grew worse, he was compelled to give up much that he had been able to do at first, and to withdraw from society almost entirely. Yet even then he was no lay figure. Even strangers who saw that commanding presence in chapel recognized his power. There was an innate royalty in his nature which made his Mastership at all times a reality, and he contrived, from the seclusion of his study, to exert a stronger influence and to maintain a truer sympathy with the Society than Whewell, with all his activity, had ever succeeded in establishing. His very isolation from the worry and bustle of the world gave authority to his advice; those who came to seek it felt, as they sat by his armchair, that they were listening to one who was not influenced by considerations of the moment, but who was giving them some of the garnered treasures of mature experience.

THE FENCING SCENE IN HAMLET.

IT is said in Paris that one of the principal attractions in the part of Hamlet, which M. Mounet-Sully has cherished the hope of impersonating for many years past, is the fencing scene of the last act. Accordingly, the various stages of those fatal bouts which precipitate the tragic course of events have received, at his instigation, an amount of care on the Théâtre Français, both from the scenic and the antiquarian points of view, which has never been bestowed on them by English actors and stage-managers.

Undoubtedly the satisfactory ordering of this important piece of stage business offers unusual difficulties, as there are many inconsistencies to be either reconciled or remedied, if the prevalent taste for archaeological accuracy is to be gratified. In the first place, rapier and dagger play at the Danish Court in the ninth century was a sport as entirely undreamt of as might be rifle or

revolver shooting; a trial of skill at arms would, in all probability, have taken the shape of a rough-and-tumble fight with shields and heavy broad-bladed swords. But, with the greatest respect for local colour, such a combat as the latter is entirely precluded, not only by the tenor of the challenge brought by Osric, but by the context throughout the play.

Lamond, says the King,

Gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
. . . . the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, hand or eye
If you opposed them.

And again:—

I pray you, pass with your best violence.

These expressions, as well as the mention of the "six French rapiers with their girdles and assigns," whose carriages, says Osric, are so "dear to the fancy and responsive to the hilts," are only a few among many other references, too obvious to be disregarded, to the newfangled foyning play and the outlandish courtly weapon about which there came such an infatuation in England during the last years of the sixteenth century.

The anachronism must simply be accepted, and indeed, like many other passages, should be taken as a clear indication that all details of manners, dress, and custom ought to be represented as belonging to the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. There is no doubt that the actual fencing scene was intended to be carried on after the manner of those "prizes" played in Shakspearian days under the auspices of the Corporation of Masters of Defence in taverns, theatres, and such like resorts. These shows were more than ever patronized by dashing rufflers after the introduction of the picturesque and elegant foreign rapier-play, with its attractive jargon of "fine italicized" distinctions and differences. On the scaffold erected for such meetings Robert Greene, that prince of rufflers, earned his degree as master of fence; so did Tarlton, the actor, and many others, no doubt, whose names have not come down to us. For the regular records of the great functions held by the Corporation of Masters of Fence which have been preserved cover only the space of a few years. But that the new art of fence was all the rage about that period is well shown by the frequent allusions to foreign terms of swordsmanship and to the affected diction of its devotees which we find in most of the minor dramatists as well as in other plays of Shakspeare. It can, therefore, safely be asserted that the bouts between Laertes and Hamlet in the presence of the King, Queen, and courtiers should be represented in a manner closely recalling the fencing *séances* which Queen Elizabeth—a keen appreciator of manly beauty and intricate skill—was wont to grace on frequent occasions with her presence.

There is certainly scope for a careful investigation of the true ordering of this scene. A duel on the boards is ever an attraction for the actor, who looks upon it as one of the most advantageous occasions for the display of a goodly presence; but, among us at least where the art of the small-sword is disdainfully neglected, it is but too often the occasion for a distinctly poor performance; a dozen lessons at the hands of the nearest fencing-master being confidently thought a sufficient qualification for the personating of the most dangerous *fine lame* and the most cunning duellist.

In modern plays this is often a very secondary matter; but in the closing scene of *Hamlet*, where the whole interest is concentrated in the sequence of the bouts, the question of not playing the fool becomes one of importance. Unfortunately the height of absurdity has but too often been reached at this critical point, and rendered all the more striking by the vaunted attention to accurate historical details which is one of the features of the manner in which the Shakspearian drama is nowadays presented to the public. "These foils have a length?" (*They prepare to play.*) Here begins the difficulty. The wager is announced by Osric as to be played for with rapier and dagger; but all the subsequent stage directions seem to imply the use of the rapier alone. There is, however, nothing to show distinctly that the dagger is not used in the contest chiefly as a defensive weapon, facilitating that use of the left hand for beating aside a thrust which is one of the most important elements in the primitive rapier-play; it is just possible, therefore, that the dagger worn by the actors as part of their ordinary dress may have been intended to be used in conjunction with the foil. On the other hand, the details of the bouts, and especially the exchanging of rapiers, would seem to point to the use of the left hand without the dagger; and the "Ac." mentioned as carried by the attendants, together with the foils, referred probably to the light gauntlet of mail which formed a necessary part of the dress of a fencer of the period. In short, the discrepancy must be taken as due simply to inadvertence in the writing of the play. This has been the view almost invariably adopted by stage-managers, and the bouts have been fought with foils alone.

It is this unfortunate word "foil" which seems to have led every one astray, and hence probably the usual curious performance of Laertes and Hamlet as arranged after the imagination of some fencing-master, who cannot realize the possibility of any foil-play different from that which appertains to the slender modern *fleuret*. Hitherto no one appears to have been able to understand that the word, meaning simply a refoiled or rebated weapon, applied naturally to a rebated rapier of the type familiarly known as Elizabethan, just as the modern featherweight French foil represents a flexible and handy substitute for our small-sword. Ac-

cordingly it has been the custom to refer the management of this scene to adepts in "carte and tierce" with directions to invent some means for overcoming the difficulty about the exchange of swords, in a manner not too absurdly improbable. Thus free to exercise their fancy, they simply run riot in these arrangements; they arm Hamlet and his opponent with short, slender, flexible foils, and begin by teaching them to salute each other with a grace worthy of the most academic of Parisian *salles-d'armes*, then to fall to that lengthy courtesy known as "le mur," lunging and reversing in *carte* and *tierce*, stamping in single and double attack, saluting in pronation and supination, going, in short, through the entire sequence of highly chastened motions of hand and body which is the *dernier mot* of elegance in the conventional French schools.

On the face of it these antics, which even in our own days have no interest to any but critical connoisseurs, are too ludicrously out of place in the midst of Elizabethan surroundings, let alone the mediæval Court of a Danish king. But even more, there is not one of the stage directions which points to the exchange of courtesies of any kind between the competitors. "Come, now begin, and you, the judges, bear a wary eye!" cries the King. "Come on, sir!" says Hamlet. "Come, my lord!" retorts Laertes; and they play. It is really wonderful that, in spite of such evidence of a businesslike performance, under the "wary eye" of judges, actors should go out of their way to introduce an interlude which is typically modern in its character, and which, even under more warrantable circumstances, always appears somewhat inane to an English audience.

Many have been the ways in which the direction, "*Laertes wounds Hamlet: then in scuffling they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes*," has been interpreted. Exchanging swords in a bout conducted in the courteous, methodical manner of fencers who considered the "salute" an indispensable preliminary is an absolutely preposterous action, which ought in itself to have sufficed to show that all our modern notions of small-sword play should be once for all discarded before attempting to represent this match on the stage. On the other hand, in the ancient rapier fence it was foreseen as a possible contingency by many teachers of the art, and one, indeed, to which a celebrated French master thought worth his while to devote a lengthy paragraph. Henri de Saint-Didier, the favourite master of the French Court, says in his treatise, published in 1573:—"After dealing with the art, order, and practice of the sword alone, I have felt willing to teach and demonstrate four excellent and subtle ways of seizing your enemy's sword, which may be found of much avail as well in the attack as the defence." One of these four ways consists in seizing the adversary's sword by the hilt, by means of a *pass* forward with the left foot, after beating his thrust upwards with the forte of the blade. At this juncture, Saint-Didier remarks, the sole means of escape for the latter, who thus finds his sword-hand paralysed, is, if he have no dagger in his left, to pass also forward and likewise clutch his opponent's hilt. In this manner the two combatants find themselves trying to wrench each other's weapon away, and, as the long cross guard and other protective furniture of a sixteenth-century rapier would give the advantage of leverage to the hand seizing them over that which held the handle, the only solution of the difficulty—if the combat is to be continued—would be for each to relinquish his own sword and fall back on guard with that of his opponent. This the worthy Saint-Didier tersely expresses by the axiom, *A prince faut faire contreprins*.

Shakspeare, who understood fencing as well as he did most other things, must have had this pass in his head. For the treatises of Saint-Didier, with those of Saviolo and Carranza, were staple works in his days, often adverted to by the dramatists when matters of learned swordsmanship come forward. In any case it is not difficult to obtain ample information on the subject, and it remains a wonder that so little care should ever have been bestowed on this important scene by English actors.

This M. Mounet-Sully seems to have done thoroughly. At his request M. Vigeant, the well-known Parisian *maître-d'armes* and author of the *Bibliographie de l'Escrime ancienne et moderne*, arranged, cleverly it must be owned, the five bouts of the contest, taking, as he asserts, his data from the *Académie de l'Espée* of Girard Thibaut, published at Antwerp in 1628. This is a work celebrated much beyond its practical value, on account of its typographical beauties and its superb engravings. It was no doubt chosen on account of the numberless representations of serial bouts telling their own tales, and saving the investigator the trouble of studying a most recondite text. We wonder, nevertheless, that M. Vigeant should not have sought his information in an earlier and more suitable French work, that of Saint-Didier. Thibaut's book was only published long after Shakspeare's death, and treats of a fantastical swordsmanship, copied from the most pedantic Spanish schools. But what is really surprising is his having, in deference no doubt to M. Mounet-Sully's desire to display his fine figure in a "salute" of some kind, pretended to have discovered in Thibaut anything approaching to such an act, or "reverence," as he calls it.

Strong in the confidence that there was no one likely to gainsay him, he has gravely arranged what is neither more nor less than a hoax on the public under pretence of antiquarian accuracy. On this subject it is amusing to hear the dramatic critic of a leading Paris paper sententiously approve the arrangements of the "duel," as he terms it, with the air of a connoisseur familiar with a well-known topic. "*L'imposant salut qui le précède donne une idée assez exacte des révérences avec l'épée en usage au temps de la*

renaissance"! It might perhaps seem hypercritical to attach such importance to this one scene, were it not that actors themselves always make as much capital of it as possible. Fencing, on the other hand, is always an attractive show, and for stage purposes the ruder, but eminently natural, play of the old rapier, with its constant variety of actions and attitudes, would be even more effective than the highly conventional art of our days. Moreover, if properly managed, it would give free scope for the right solution of the problem of the exchange of swords, and afford the cultivated theatre-goer an opportunity of witnessing an ancient and forgotten art, the display of which was wont to delight the appreciative and critical eye of an Elizabethan audience.

A SHODDY ENTHUSIAST.

NO claim for 100*l.* shall be forwarded from the office of this journal to one E. W. Cole, of Melbourne, Australia. Yet if Mr. Cole were willing to abide by the spirit of an offer published by him "in the public press" he ought to pay that sum to anybody who chooses to ask for it. His obligation arose in this wise. He has published a gaudy volume containing 381 gilt-edged but closely-printed pages, and bearing the ominous title of *Cole's Fun Doctor*. Of this work he asserts that 30,000 copies "were sold in one part of Australia in about eighteen months, and 20,000 of them retailed in Cole's Book Arcade, Melbourne." Let us assume in Mr. Cole's favour that the "part of Australia" which was thus lavish is a large part, and that the 20,000 copies sold at the "Book Arcade" were part of the total of 30,000. The fact still remains that 30,000 people, presumably of English extraction, have thought it worth while to buy the *Fun Doctor*. By way of still further testifying to its merits, its proprietor and (apparently) compiler has "offered a bonus of 100*l.* to any one who could prove that it was not the funniest book in the world." "No one," he adds complacently, "has been able to claim the bonus, for the simple reason that this is beyond all doubt the funniest book ever published."

Every one will readily understand that a book heralded in this manner is a collection of printed anecdotes, jokes, verses, specimens of "American humour," and so forth, all duly excised from their proper surroundings, and nailed up in rows, like dead moths in a collection. With equal certainty it follows that the *Fun Doctor* is not meant to be read, and is excessively dull, not to say depressing, to dip into. The reason why wise men avoid works of this character is that on any page you may find some story or joke which you have long known and loved, but which can never be quite the same to you again after you have seen its cold corpse stretched in a charnel-house of forced merriment. Or, worse still, you may happen upon something previously unknown to you which some one appropriately introduces into conversation shortly afterwards, and in that case, when the joke does come, it comes robbed of the attraction of novelty, and you are never properly amused by it at all. But this catastrophe, as it is more terrible, is also much rarer than the other. To return to the *Fun Doctor*. Of course, if it were merely a collection of dead jokes in various stages of decomposition, it would be worth nothing more than a passing regret that there should be thirty thousand people in the world so very dull as to think themselves capable of being amused by it. But, though it is such a collection, it is also something more. It is part of an endeavour by Mr. E. W. Cole to federate the world. Many silly people want to federate the world; and, it is to be feared, many dull people think *Fun Doctors* amusing. But the combination of the two tastes in Mr. Cole is not undeserving of attention. The part to be played by the *Fun Doctor* in federation is indicated by a stanza printed on the cover, surmounted by a substantial gilt rainbow:—

"Tis Books will cause the flag of peace,
Through earth to be unfurled,
Produce "the Parliament of Man,"
And federate the world.

This happy blending of the wisdom of Lord Tennyson with that of Mr. Cole is taken from a sort of hymn printed at the end of the *Fun Doctor*, and entitled "Books the chief Educators, Joy-makers, Peace-makers, and Federators of the World." Some of the assertions contained in this hymn are true—for instance, "Books should be found in every house" (with which it begins); others are not, and of the latter character is the statement that "Books make the difference between Earth's learned and its fools." For, oh Mr. Cole, a man may read, and read, and be a fool, as Shakspeare would doubtless have said if he had chosen. After the stanza on the cover the next hint of a high purpose is a business-like advertisement printed below the offer of 100*l.* already mentioned. It is to the following effect:—"Federation of the World Series. The object of this series is to collect together a gem volume of every popular subject from the literature of the world so as to form a cheap and convenient library to bring within the reach of every one. Life is too short for many of us [though presumably long enough for a few of us] to read all the books, so let us get a little of the cream. The merest accident decided that the fun volume was the first one. The next will be 'Gems of the Poets of the World.' Doubtless the strings of creamy gems threatened to be inflicted upon the world will be appropriately sold in Mr. Cole's 'Book Arcade,' Melbourne, a very remarkable shop, which not only contains '140 brass pillars,' but boasts a sign. That sign is the rainbow.

"Forty-six of these beautiful objects decorate the interior of the building, and one of enormous dimensions the Bourke Street Front." It is not surprising that a person with such command of natural phenomena as to be able to keep forty-seven rainbows, one of them of enormous dimensions, for the ornamentation, apparently in all weathers alike, of his business premises should be confident of his ability to federate the world. It may be mentioned that the advertisement whence the information about the pillars and the rainbows is derived is accompanied by a full-page illustration of the "south portion of Cole's Book Arcade." The rainbows appear to be in some other portion, which is a pity; but the foreground is occupied by a pastoral group of a youthful shopman holding the hands of a somewhat plain-featured lady customer, whom he is evidently about to kiss.

The real purpose of the *Fun Doctor* is explicitly set forth in a serious chapter of large type, which, along with the hymn quoted from above, occupies the concluding thirty pages. It is entitled "Federation of the World Inevitable before the year 2000." The title is followed by a text, printed in italics, but apparently constructed for the occasion by Mr. Cole. It says that "The human race, after many ages of fitful, painful, and weary struggling, is now fast ripening to a united, beautiful, and majestic flower, the crowning blossom of earth." This is really the substance of the whole tract. Mr. Cole starts from the assumptions that all men are of one race, that all religions are much the same thing, that "huge and expensive fleets and armies, and the wholesale slaughtering of man by his brother men is [sic] a great mistake," and that these blessed truths are being rapidly brought home to the receptive mind of the educated mechanic. "Mankind is changing, and growing wiser, and better." "The masses are gradually becoming . . . more or less intelligent thinkers," and "intense national feeling" is giving place to "a broad humanity." Therefore, with the help of *Fun Doctors*, and volumes of snips and patches upon "every popular subject," the world will very soon be federated into one peaceful empire, on the model of the British, in which every one will talk English—though it will be "spelt in an improved manner"—dress alike, think alike, work alike, use flying machines, have whole holidays on Saturday and Sunday, and believe "generally" in "one sensible religion, including a belief in immortality." Such are Mr. Cole's specific prophecies.

The reason why these childish and tasteless speculations are worth noticing is that they are characteristic of a sort of person now being produced in many parts of the world in great numbers. This is how things strike a person who has been taught to read and write, without learning to observe or to think. It is the result of reading thoughtlessly a vast mass of matter of which newspapers and story-books form the material bulk, and occasional magazine articles the nearest approach to a real study of anything. It is among people of this sort that *Fun Doctors* may be confidently expected to circulate. Densely ignorant and intensely arrogant self-satisfaction is, in such minds, a prevailing note. It can be best observed in the lordly pity with which they denounce every one who lived before the nineteenth century. "The religions of our ancestors, with some mixture of truth in them, were cruel, tyrannical, superstitious, and degrading." Yet, to give the devil his due, "If we blame our ancestors for their tyrannies and cruelties, we must also feelingly pity them for their ignorance and the terrible miseries and agonies they themselves have suffered, and, with heartfelt gratitude, be thankful" that we are as much better off than they as the Pharisee than the publican. Why, the poor devils had no telegraphs, no railways, no drainage, no carpets, no representative government, and no *Fun Doctors*. They were often cold, and hungry, and wet, and in danger of being wounded or killed in the "horrors of war" or by the ravages of "lions, tigers, hyenas, bears, and wolves." In a word, the average product of universal education has not yet learnt that enjoyment of life depends not altogether upon material prosperity, but also in some degree upon the moral, intellectual, and emotional aptitudes of the individual for controlling the circumstances under which he may find himself existing. Have all the poems and all the penny dreadfuls been written in vain, and do the vulgar not yet believe that a poor man may be happy and a rich one miserable? The most tremendous cynic might be staggered by such a depth of pessimism as the hypothesis involves; but it is certainly not less plausible than the apotheosis of the lettered shopboy which such speculations as Mr. Cole's suggest.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF AMERICAN TRADE.

THE growth of the foreign trade of the United States during the past fifteen years is one of the remarkable phenomena of the time. It is really greater than at first sight the returns would seem to indicate. It will be in the recollection of our readers that for about half the period specie payments were suspended in the United States, and in the earlier years the paper money was greatly depreciated. The result was that the value of commodities being returned in this depreciated paper appeared to be considerably larger than it really was. In 1879 specie payments were resumed, and since then the value of the trade is represented in gold. It is necessary, then, in order to arrive at the real increase in the trade, to reduce the prices throughout to gold prices. But, furthermore, it is to be borne in mind that since 1873 there has been a great fall in prices, and that during the past five or six years the fall has been especially heavy. We know how the

fall has seemed to arrest the development of our own exports and imports; and it has also made itself felt in the value of the foreign trade of the United States. It will be necessary to bear this clearly in mind in following the figures which we now proceed to quote. The total value of the imports and exports of the United States in the year ended with June 1871 amounted to about 192½ millions sterling. We may here remind our readers that the financial year in the United States ends with June, and that the Customs returns are for the same period. In the financial year ended June last the total value of the imports and exports was 285½ millions sterling. In the fifteen years, therefore, there was an increase of 93 millions sterling, or over 48 per cent. This, we would repeat, is in spite of the fall in prices which has been going on ever since 1873. But the growth has been mainly in the exports. In the year ended with June 1871 the total value of the imports was 104 millions sterling; in the year ended with last June the value was a little over 127 millions sterling. There was an increase, therefore, of but a little over 23 millions sterling, or somewhat over 22 per cent. Taking the imports and exports together, the increase, we have seen, was over 48 per cent.; while, taking the imports alone, the increase is but slightly over 22 per cent. From this it would appear that the United States are rapidly getting to be self-sufficing. Previous to 1871 the American people were dependent upon Europe for a very large proportion of their supplies. Manufactures had then reached but a low development. For example, in the construction of railways they imported most of the iron used from this country; and similarly the greater part of their manufactured goods were imported from Europe. Since then, however, partly owing to the growth of population, partly to the stimulus given by Protection, and partly to the accumulation of wealth and the attraction of the country for skilled labour, manufactures have been developed at an extraordinarily rapid rate. Now the United States produce all the iron they need, even for railway construction in the most active years; they manufacture nearly the whole of the cotton used in the country; and in a short time it would seem not at all improbable that there may be a decrease rather than an increase in the imports of manufactured goods into the country. This is the more remarkable because of the extraordinarily rapid rate at which population is growing. The American population doubles itself in about twenty-five years, and consequently since 1871 the population must have increased more than 50 per cent.; but, as we saw above, the increase in the imports is less than 22 per cent. Had the imports continued barely at the same rate as they were in 1871, the increase, allowing for the growth of population, ought to have been over 50 per cent., whereas it is not half as much. Clearly, therefore, in spite of the great accumulation of wealth that is going on, the American people consume per head of the population much less foreign goods than they did fifteen years ago. Of course it is true that the fall in prices affects the value of the imports, and that the increase in quantity is much larger than the increase in value, because a larger quantity of goods can now be bought for the same money. But, on the other hand, it is not to be forgotten that the higher classes of manufactured goods, and such luxuries as wine, paintings, and the like, have not fallen in the same proportion as other things.

It is mainly, as we have said, in the exports that the growth of the foreign trade of the United States appears. In the year ended with June 1871 the total value of the exports was only 88½ millions sterling; in the year ended with June last the total value was very nearly 158½ millions sterling. Therefore the increase has been almost 70 millions sterling, or about 80 per cent. The increase in the exports is thus very nearly four times as great proportionately as that in the imports, and the growth is mainly in four classes of goods—what are called bread-stuffs, provisions and dairy produce, cotton and petroleum. They constitute together more than three-quarters in value of the total exports, and the exports increase or decrease in direct ratio with the increase in those four articles. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the harvest of 1885 was a failure in the United States, that there was consequently but a small surplus of wheat for export, and that even this surplus was not sent abroad as much as might have been expected because of the low prices that prevailed in Europe. In the past financial year, therefore, the commodity which was highest in value of all the exports was cotton; but usually the exports of bread-stuffs exceed in value the exports of cotton. Third in value stand provisions and dairy produce, and petroleum comes fourth. The United States have for very many years, as our readers know, had the control of the cotton market; but it is only since the Civil War that they have distanced all competitors in the wheat and other corn markets. They had been actively competing with Russia for some years; but it was not until after the great panic that they secured pre-eminence. That panic resulted in so great a depression of trade that immense numbers of workpeople in the older States were thrown out of employment, and they migrated westwards, settled upon the land, and greatly extended cultivation. Then the series of bad harvests that began in Europe with 1876 created a great demand for American food-stuffs of all kinds, and the exports of wheat attained their highest point in value in the year ended with June 1880. In the year ended with June 1877 the value of the exports of bread-stuffs of all kinds was under 23½ millions sterling; in the following year they exceeded 36 millions sterling; in the following year again they nearly reached 42 millions sterling; but in the year ended with June 1880 they exceeded 57½ millions sterling. Between 1877 and

1880 the value of the exports of bread-stuffs was multiplied just two and a half times. Since 1880 there has been a decrease in the value of the exports of wheat. To a very large extent this is due to the fall in prices. To some extent it is also due to the improvement in the European harvests. And likewise it is due to the fact that the harvests in the United States have not been generally so good since 1880 as they had been for the four preceding years. The four preceding years were the best in the history of the United States, while they were amongst the worst that had been known in Europe for a long time. There was thus a very large supply in the United States, and an exceptionally great demand in Europe; and since then the supply in the United States has not been so exceptionally large, while the demand in Europe has been considerably less. The highest value ever reached by the exports of that country was in the year ended June 1881, when they amounted to 180½ millions sterling. Since then they steadily declined until 1884; in 1885 they remained almost stationary; but in the year just ended there has been a considerable recovery. On the other hand, it was not till the year which ended in June 1882 that the highest value in the imports was reached, and the value of the imports in the following year was very nearly as large, though in the exports there had then occurred a very considerable falling off.

The value of the exports of bread-stuffs, as observed above, was greatest in the year ending with June 1880; while the value of the cotton exports was greatest in the following year, though it was nearly as great in the year which ended in June 1883. The greatest value of the exports of provisions and dairy produce was likewise in the year which ended in June 1881; the greatest value of the exports of petroleum was in the year which ended in June 1882; but, taking all the four classes of commodities together, the greatest value was in the year which ended in June 1881, and the next greatest in the year which ended in June 1880. Wheat alone stood at the highest value in the year which ended in June 1880, as did indeed the bread-stuffs generally, but the four classes taken together attained a higher value in the following year. From what has been said, it would appear that the trade of the United States differs essentially in character from that of this country. The United Kingdom imports immense quantities of food of all kinds, and immense quantities also of the raw materials of manufacture. The people of the United Kingdom work up the raw material so imported, and re-export it in manufactured form, making a profit by the transaction. The people of the United States, on the contrary, import manufactured goods chiefly. They import the raw material of certain manufactures, but only to a small extent or under exceptional circumstances; and, lastly, of food they import only the luxuries which are not grown at home. They import wine largely; but even wine they are producing on a considerable scale at home, especially in California. They also import coffee, tea, and similar commodities. Their exports, on the other hand, consist, as has just been shown, almost entirely of food products and of the raw materials of manufactures. A very large part of all the food raised in the country is grown for the people of Europe, and similarly a very large part of the cotton crop is exported to Europe and manufactured here. The United States have made great progress of late in manufacturing. As pointed out above, they are in some branches of manufacture already independent of the rest of the world. But it is evident that many years must pass away before they are able to work up at home the vast quantities of raw material which they produce, and it is equally evident that generations must pass away before the population becomes so dense as to consume the surplus food raised in the country. It is true, of course, that the whole country is gradually being settled, and that the surface actually not occupied and yet available for cultivation is diminishing at an alarmingly rapid rate. It clearly will not be long before the country will be so far settled that it will not be possible to obtain land on the terms on which it is now obtained. But, although the complete settlement in this sense of the country is not far distant, the cultivation of the soil in the manner in which it is cultivated in Europe will not be attained for a very long period. As yet the modes of cultivation are very defective, and the production per acre is very small. With a more careful cultivation the produce of the soil could be doubled, or perhaps trebled; and, therefore, there may be an enormous increase in the population, and yet an immense surplus of both food and raw material available for export.

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN.

JOHN COMPANY was the father of a race till then unknown to ethnologists, which sprang into sudden existence, and through chequered experiences has managed to preserve its name and characteristics through many a long year. Everybody is familiar with what an Anglo-Indian is, or should be, like. He has his own particular colonies in England in which he nests when he comes home and rears his young. He is either an irascible old bachelor, full of strange heathenish oaths and swearings, or else equivocally blessed with an enormous family who are the bane of his life. He is dyspeptic and yellow of countenance, dictatorial and uncertain of temper, with many other external signs and moral idiosyncrasies which it is needless to catalogue. But a new and somewhat kindred race, a sort of first cousin or second once removed, is now propagating and spreading with a vigour which

gives promise of a great future for the Anglo-Egyptian. We all know that Egypt has perhaps the oldest record amongst the nations, and that its modern history is a very young one. Yet the birth of the Anglo-Egyptian race cannot properly be said to have been even contemporary with Egypt's second birth. There were Englishmen in Egypt in those days, but so few and far between that they formed no tribe. It was not till after the "Occupation" that the English colony began really to amalgamate and consolidate themselves into a body with vested interests and a distinct creed:—"I believe not much in the English Government, and still less in the Egyptian; neither put I my faith in Baring, nor in Princes, nor in Princesses. I acknowledge one power, multiple and yet undivided, and I bow down before the Budget. The Financial Committee are my Prophets, and the Council of Ministers is their servant. I hold that three months' leave in every year are necessary. If it be possible, these three months should be spent on a 'mission' to Europe. Whilst on a 'mission' *fraie de déplacement* are allowed. If it be not possible in this manner, then in some other manner it should be arranged. *Frais de déplacement* should always be drawn. Every Anglo-Egyptian is pre-eminently fitted by nature for the post his friends have assigned to him. If a better one falls vacant, all are equally well qualified for it. Decorations and titles are to be diligently sought after. They increase the respect of the natives, and look well in a drawing-room or on a visiting-card. Social intercourse with foreigners and with Egyptians is to be avoided. Familiarity breeds contempt. It is, however, pardonable occasionally to kneel in the house of Rimmon. Particularly are the French to be made to feel their inferiority. They are an evil and contumacious people, who wrongly believe that they possess interests in Egypt. No one possesses interests in Egypt except the Anglo-Egyptians. The Egyptian army is composed of splendid fighting material. It is a noble army. It is one of the works of the Anglo-Egyptian, all of which are noble. The Anglo-Egyptian himself is the noblest of his works."

There are other minor articles of faith; but from the foregoing it will be seen at a glance that the new race has in its creed many elements conducive to success. It may appear exclusive and selfish; but, on the whole, it is sound and businesslike. Of course its tenets are not strictly observed; but the renegade who fails to act up to reasonable accord with them is promptly apprised of his mistake. As time goes on the preceding broad principles will be surely elaborated and perfected; and the internal organization growing more solid, powerful, and absorbent will become dominant, if not absolute, in the land. Now our rulers in Downing Street have never tired of asserting and reasserting their intention of evacuating the Nile Valley as soon as a stable Government shall have been established. This would seem to argue a near end to the reign of the Anglo-Egyptian; but, as a matter of fact, nothing of the sort is, or ever was, intended. For a stable Government can only be established by, through, and with the Anglo-Egyptians. The whole policy is a subtle irony. Let the army evacuate by all means when the English administration has struck its roots deep enough into the Nile mud to be able to stand alone. Until the Anglo-Egyptian reports its establishment there will be no evacuation. This horrible truth has at last begun to dawn upon the Gaul, and it is his perception thereof which terrifies him so mightily, and makes the *Boosphore* so madly to rage. For there is every ground to prophesy at the present rate that before long the Anglo-Egyptian will have secured as firm a footing—administratively and financially—in Egypt as his cousin stands on in India. The Anglo-Egyptian is far more civilized than the Anglo-Indian. He lives nearer to England, and is within closer touch of the world. The Indian makes his own world at Fateepoor or Jamligabad, and cares not two straws for revolutions in Bulgaria, or the results of the home elections. But the Egyptian can run across to give in his vote to the ballot-box, and almost every day in the week brings him mails from the Continent. On his table will be found the latest novel, and he is only a few days behind in his criticisms of the new pictures at the Academy or Salon. His wife is up to time in the fashions, and the after-dinner club chat will turn as often on things in England as on passing events in Cairo. In fact, the Anglo-Egyptian is very much more pleasantly placed in the land of the Pharaohs than his brother even in the best Indian station. It is because he feels the comfort of his berth, with due appreciation, that he is always anxious for some chum or relation to squat alongside of him, and by joining the community to add still further to its general solidity and social delights. With a nucleus bound together by ties of parentage, and forming a whole with very marked common views and interests, the Anglo-Egyptian family should be a very happy one indeed. Generally speaking it is so, and life goes rolling along on well-oiled wheels. The great secret lies in the fact that each member of the fraternity knows perfectly well the measure of his neighbour, as his neighbour has measured him. Like the Roman augurs, they can barely refrain from gentle laughter when they meet. One of the articles of the Anglo-Egyptian faith is that every official is desperately overworked. It is quite useless to argue this point, as it has been agreed upon long since that to go to the office at nine in the morning, and there smoke sundry cigarettes, and casually sign a few letters, the monotony being varied by some equally laborious colleague dropping in for ten minutes' gossip, leaving again at one o'clock, constitutes a severe strain upon the mental and physical constitution. It necessitates a retirement under the mosquito curtains for a siesta till an hour before sunset, when the fatigued

Bey or Pasha issues forth slightly refreshed for a drive or game of polo. In the winter the *horarium* is changed to a couple of hours before and a couple of hours after lunch. It is not the actual toil which is so arduous as the heavy responsibility. The Anglo-Egyptian has said it, and there is no man to contradict him.

The effect of the presence of the Anglo-Egyptian is now being seen far and wide, not only administratively but in every-day life. A few years ago no Egyptian Bey or Pasha who respected himself and could afford to pay for a coachman would think of driving himself. Nowadays the dog-carts and phaetons of the native gilded youth vie with the chariots of England and the horsemen thereof. Till lately it was the fashion to be driven in long procession down the Shoobra and back again behind the Khedive. But the Sporting Club has established itself on the other side of the river, and all Beylik and Pashadom through the shady avenues of Ghezireh on horseback, and handling their own ribbons, till it has become a question furtively discussed in high quarters whether it would not be advisable for the Prince also to change his driving ground, instead of following the now almost deserted route of his forefathers' choice.

Cricket, polo, and tennis, which were at first regarded by the populace as forms of harmless lunacy, are now daily watched by admiring crowds, and the day is probably not far distant when the more emulous spirits will begin cricket on their own account. All these are most healthy results from the influence of the Anglo-Egyptian by simple example without precept. In fact, the general example of the colony is far sounder than the little teaching it troubles itself to give, and this truth having impressed itself gradually upon the leading lights, dogma is being abandoned for practice. The Egyptians are much easier to lead than to drive, in spite of all that has been written about their docility under the courbash and bastinado. And the higher-class Egyptians show this temper more than the lower ranks of the people. Several of the early Anglo-Egyptians having ruined themselves irretrievably by running tilt against abuses with good lance in rest and flourish of trumpets, their successors have learned wisdom, and everything is done very quietly, the chiefs themselves leading the way. The foreign colony may reproach their perfidious neighbours with self-seeking, nepotism, and here and there incapacity, but they are themselves always open to the *Tu quoque* repartee. The sorest point with them all is that the Anglo-Egyptians are enjoying good things which they covet for themselves, and which to the utmost degree in their power they strive after daily. And, on the other hand, no one ventures to lay the faintest accusation of improbity against the new rulers. The Anglo-Egyptian race may be stiff-necked and close, but it is a manly honourable specimen from the old stock. Hitherto it has been fighting hard to secure a solid foothold, and the results of its labours, as the enemies are not slow to remark in their blasphemings, are not so very apparent in benefits to the country at large. But these benefits are coming through the advantage gained by the establishment of itself. The needful reforms will follow later. It had been proved that it was idle to attempt to remedy current abuses, and introduce salutary measures, until a good foundation and strong "working majority" had been assured. This object has been very nearly, if not quite, accomplished, and the future task of the Anglo-Egyptians should be comparatively easy and pleasant.

There is no pagoda-tree to shake in Egypt now, but there is still plenty of lotus-eating for the favoured. The singular adaptability of the English character to the exigencies of circumstances in which the Briton may be placed is nowhere better evidenced than in Egypt. When we say that Egypt is the land of the lazy, and that the Anglo-Egyptians are learning to laze with signal success, we do not wish to impute any evil. There are various forms of laziness which are not sloth, and these varieties are not always entirely reprehensible. There are many energetic workers amongst the colony, and these are not the least lazy of the race. They consume but little midnight oil, but many cigarettes and peculiar drinks. Just as the Anglo-Egyptian has taken with ease and grace to the wearing of the official fez and Stamboulie coat, so has he fallen into the habits of afternoon siestas and patronage of street carriages (or his own) for covering a couple of hundred yards. Amongst the peculiarities of the Egyptian climate is the dread it inspires of wearing out shoe-leather. It may be that shoes in Egypt are costly and poor, or it may be that the roads are badly kept and not tempting for pedestrian effort. But, whatever the real reason of the abuse of carriage exercise, it is always put down to the weather. The climate is responsible for so many derelictions from old English notions that it may well bear the onus for this also. Yet no one attempts to fight against it, as in India. The Anglo-Egyptian groans under the sun, but sets up no punkahs or tatties; he shivers at the cold, but seldom has more than the kitchen stove in his house. He is only human, after all, and must have something to grumble at. Everything else is so delightfully smooth and easy for him that he falls greedily upon the climate grievance. Once upon a time the naughtiness of heart of Pashas and the intrigues of colleagues and subordinates helped him a little; but he has pretty well destroyed all these now, and is reduced to the weather. If he had only a respectable climate, he would be bound to work eight hours a day and forego his annual three months' leave. So he cherishes his inflections with an exceeding great affection. "If he has spoken harshly, it but proves how much he loves it."

LA BÉARNAISE.

THERE is considerable sameness in modern French opera. An eccentric monarch, a comic chamberlain, a dashing young officer, a sprightly peasant girl, and, as a foil to her, a lady of the Court, are familiar characters, who have done duty in a score of works which could be readily named; and they are all found once more in the story of MM. Leterrier and Vanloo now being presented under the title of *La Béarnaise*. The personages are rather extravagant than humorous in opera of this class, which trenches nearly on opéra-bouffe. In the original work there is none of the literary finish which is so welcome in the works of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and in an adaptation it is hardly to be hoped for. For the Parisian stage there must be also a decided spice of impropriety, or at least a treatment of equivocal subjects; and all these people and things are found in the *Béarnaise*. Bright dresses and gay music have in them an attraction for a considerable section of playgoers; and at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—as Mr. Bruce has called what was until lately known as the Prince's—eye and ear are gratified. The dialogue of Mr. Murray is by no means distinguished by wit or humour; indeed, if Pascal's definition *Diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractère* be correct, Mr. Murray's moral reputation might be considered as firmly established by his book of *La Béarnaise*; nor is the incident marked by notable ingenuity. The leading motive is the marriage of two girls to each other, one of them, Jacquette—from Béarn—having assumed a man's dress in order that she may be the better able to keep watchful eyes on her lover, Captain Perpignac, who has been sent by the King of France to Como, and there ordered by the Duke to behave with strict propriety for a period of forty days. To save Perpignac from arrest, Jacquette takes his place, and the Duke, who has a mania for bringing about marriages between his subjects, insists on the union of Jacquette to his niece, a lady of the Court. The device has its coarse and its comical aspect. At the Bouffes the former was emphasized; the latter is sought at the English house, and much detail which helped to save the piece in France, and would go a long way towards destroying it in England, has been most judiciously expunged. A detective is told off to follow Perpignac and to report any lapses of propriety to the Duke, and such simple-minded fun as the plot contains is made up of the bewilderment of this functionary, who continually catches Perpignac tripping, but is afterwards beguiled and led to believe that he has made a mistake.

All this is of the slightest, and there is nothing really quaint in the characters. The exhibition of the Duke's extreme senility is not diverting, and the love sighs of a middle-aged Polonius are among the commonplaces of opéra-bouffe. The jovial bearing and high spirits of Perpignac make him a sufficiently suitable personage for a piece of this kind, and Mr. Snazelle plays with vigour, which would be more acceptable if he did not sonorously address ladies as "Mad-arm." There is a French stage-manager at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, M. Marius holds the position, and yet Mr. Snazelle is suffered to say "Mad-arm." Perhaps M. Marius supposes that the word is English. The success of the representation chiefly depends upon Miss Florence St. John, who plays Jacquette with a very thorough appreciation of what is necessary in a heroine of comic opera, and upon Miss Marie Tempest, who sings fairly, and acts well enough for the purpose of playing Court ladies in pieces of this class—whether her capacity ranges further must be seen hereafter; Miss Tempest does not show that her limit is reached. Miss St. John has all the qualities which such a part as Jacquette demands. Her singing is artistic; she has something more than a mere sense of humour, and it finds constant expression. The actress is always alert, but there is at no time any appearance of effort. It is not necessary to discuss Mme. Chaumont or Mme. Judic, either in the present or in the past tense, nor to institute comparisons between the English and French Jacquettes. A part of this sort could not be in much better hands than in those of Miss St. John, whose cleverness is specially shown by the way in which she distracts attention from the poverty and clumsiness of episodes in which she takes part.

Early in the opera we were so greatly pleased with M. André Messager's contrapuntal treatment of a chorus, "Ambassador? That tale don't tell," that we were very favourably disposed towards what followed. This chorus was unmistakably the work of a musician, and M. Messager subsequently confirmed his claim to the title. The melodies will not ring through the town as the airs of *La Grande Duchesse* and *La Fille de Madame Angot* so speedily began to do; but there is much in M. Messager's score to gratify hearers. One of the poorest incidents of the piece is the pretended slumber of Jacquette, who in doublet and hose has married the Duke's niece, and pretends to sleep that she may avoid the paying of attentions to the bride, and here the music is of the highest value; for the simple charm of the *berceuse*, "Hush and sleep," diverts notice from the story and delights with its own grace. *La Béarnaise* may be summed up as a fair specimen of its class.

J. L. HATTON.

IN Mr. J. L. Hatton the world has lost, not only a good musician, but a musician whose loss it is not easy to repair. Born at Liverpool in 1809, and almost wholly self-taught, he made himself among English song-writers a place so absolutely his

own that, though he ceased from working some years before his death, it has been vacant from the first, and is vacant still. He wrote much for the theatre, it is true. He produced for it, among other things, an opera quarried from the *Pascal Bruno* of Alexandre Dumas (Vienna, 1848); *Love's Ransom*, played at Covent Garden in 1864; and for Charles Kean, whose bandmaster he was, the incidental music in *Macbeth*, *Faust* and *Margaret*; *Sardanapalus*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Henry VIII.*, and half a dozen dramas more; and he was author as well of several anthems and cathedral services, and a "sacred drama," *Hezekiah*, which was given in 1877 at the Crystal Palace. But it was by his songs that he achieved the great and abiding popularity which it was his to enjoy; and it is by his songs that he will be remembered. They were his real contributions to the sum of English music, and the best of them will take rank not much below some masterpieces of the past, the good things of Purcell and Arne and John Wilbye.

The drawing-room ballad, as practised by the greater number of its exponents, is as trumpery a sham of art as exists. The "poetry" is mostly sentimental doggerel; and the "music" is commonly as bad as the "poetry" to which it is wedded. Figaro's axiom, "Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante" is so often exemplified in the conjunction that it might well have been invented for it. There are, indeed, no words so silly that they will not find their composer; and there is no combination of words and music so trivial and commonplace that it will not secure a position on the piano of the average drawing-room and in the *répertoire* of the common tenor. The poet bleats out a couple of feeble stanzas; the musician bleats out a melody appropriate in ineptitude, and sustains the effort with an accompaniment which anybody can strum through at sight; and the trick is done. The arts of music and poetry have once more been brought down to the level of the ignorant, and the world is the richer by a new song. That this is the rule is undeniable; as undeniable as that it is dignified by any number of exceptions. Such songs, for instance, as Berlioz's *Le Spectre de la Rose* (the perfection of the genre), his *Le Coucher du Soleil* and *La Légende de la Harpe*, his *Sara la Baigneuse* and *La Captive*, are types of art in the highest sense of the word; are examples of the combination of melody of rare distinction of form and sentiment, with accompaniments which are masterpieces of invention and effect. The same may be said of Schubert and Schumann, and, with certain reservations, of the good work of MM. Gounod and Robert Franz and a score besides. Not the least among them was Hatton. His melodic inspiration was fresh, spontaneous, and individual; his taste was excellent; he had the gift of expression; he wrote with elegance and correctness always, and at his best and highest he was not lacking in the master quality of style. Himself a singer of no mean accomplishment, he was skilled in the art of writing for the voice and in the production of phrases whose breadth and simplicity are such as bring them within the compass of the average vocalist; and it was his to solve the difficult problem of achieving popularity without an excess of condescension to the incapacity of the general public. That he left behind him a great deal of perished, or perishable, stuff is not to be denied. But it is by his good work, not his bad, that he must be judged; and even his bad may safely be said to have a better general quality than the best of smaller men.

Another point to be recalled to his advantage is that, in his merits as in his faults, he was essentially national. His music is, before all things, English music—English in inspiration, in ambition, in style and sentiment, and effect. His favourite author was Herrick; his heroines were the Julias and Antheas of the good Elizabethan time, his models the native masters whose music these dead ladies had lived to sing. When he chooses, he expresses himself with much of the manly simplicity and directness of his greater predecessors. His setting of the noble lyric, *To Anthea*, is likely to live as long as the verse to which it is moulded, and in his music Davenant's most excellent words have found new immortality. In what is perhaps the most famous of his songs, "Good-bye, Sweetheart," he was not happy in his poet. Still the idea is veritably lyrical, and its melodic expression is at once so passionate and so taking that there is no doubt it will outlive the work of better bards and nobler masters of music. As for his humorous songs, they have a place of their own, and, though they are not to be ranked with their author's best, they are assured, we take it, of some years of popularity yet. Their inspiration is buxom and good-tempered, if a trifle facile; the fun of them may be a thought too obvious and too broad, but it is mostly unaffected, and it is nearly always communicative. That is all that can be said of any but the best of comic music, and there is a world of comic music (so called) of which one cannot say the half of it.

Hatton, it is to be noted, was not only a distinguished lyricist but an all-round artist in music as well. He sang like the thorough musician he was; he played the piano in like wise; and he was an admirable conductor and accompanist. There are some pleasant glimpses of him in that pleasant book, *The Enterprising Impresario*. The Impresario is on tour with Mario and Grisi. Hatton joins the party as accompanist, *vice* Benedict resigned; and no sooner does he make his appearance than he has to play a fugue of Bach for Almagiva-Raoul, and to sing his own excellent song, "The Little Fat Grey Man," for Lucrezia-Valentine. Then he tells the illustrious tenor that he has a song for him, which song—none other than "Good-bye, Sweetheart"—is instantly rehearsed, and as instantly produced, with the results we know.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

PROBABLY people visit picture galleries with a fresher feeling of interest in early autumn than at any other time. Many have been sketching in the country; at any rate almost every one has been living there, and consequently taking, perhaps unintentionally, some note of natural appearances. It is impossible but that they must thus have acquired some views of the true open-air aspect of man and landscape, and have refreshed their recollections of the relations of colour and form which actually hold in nature. Now if ever they are prepared to have some opinion of their own as to the relative importance in art of the pursuit of decorative beauty and the emotions inseparable from it, on the one hand, and of the faithful and natural representation of facts, on the other. None save those who have tried it know how difficult it is to show something of the true pictorial poetry which is inexpressible in words, and which lies in noble masses of form, or in rich qualities of colour and paint, without seriously departing from the method of nature or violating the possibilities of human vision. Purely decorative art proves that certain vague emotions and associations can be roused by playing with taste and with a certain respect for key upon the elements of form and colour, just as arrangements of musical notes, though they represent nothing directly, have, as it were, a distinct individual effect like a perfume when they happen to fall into a tune. Scientific realism, or careful respect for the logic of ordinary vision, appeals at the present day to a larger audience than the decorative or romantic uses of paint. There is, however, always a plentiful sprinkling of people who prefer the "golden mean" in everything; to them the difficult combination of aims which was attained by the French school of 1830 will always be particularly welcome. The breadth and simplicity with which many of these artists dealt with visual impressions produced a plastic dignity which satisfies our mental longings for noble form and colour. This often resulted less from an æsthetic conviction on the part of the artist that he ought to employ paint in a beautiful manner than from a belief that he was choosing the true way to render what might be important and permanent in his impression and to protect it from the encroachment of the casual and trivial.

The Hanover Gallery, as usual, contains some pretty good examples of these masters and of their contemporaries and successors. The painter or lover of scenery fresh from the country can have a good opportunity of seeing whether he can condone in the work of some of these men a certain perversion of facts in favour of the decorative result, and whether in other cases he can refer some breadth or beauty of treatment to its atmospheric cause in nature. Corot's "Near Ville d'Avray" (13), though the place was one of his favourite haunts, is somewhat tame and empty, in spite of its agreeable colour. The cow is shapeless, and indeed throughout there is less feeling for form than is usual in his suggestive handling. His large "Landscape" (48) is also without his wonted point and *verve* of style, and seems at once flimsy and crowded with too many useless objects; but "The Lane" (89) is, indeed, a good specimen of his best manner of tree-painting. These feathery poplars show an admirable combination of ideal beauty and atmospheric truth in their breadth of handling, their softness of relief, their mellow yet cool and silvery colouring, and their unobtrusive suggestion of multitudinous detail. In some of Ch. Jacque's work, too, one may see a certain respect for fact determining his use of rich warm colour and his striking arrangements of light. "Poultry" (21) is the most carefully studied; its solid style of workmanship and its rich scheme of brown and gold are both truer and more beautiful than the over-clever handling and forced colour, tending to unpleasant citron and undisguised bitumen, of the mechanical little picture "In the Fold" (78). "The Labourers" (87) and the "Flock of Sheep" (94) are in his most nobly decorative style. The first is an unusual-looking Jacque, both in composition and manner. Its decorative quality is in the rich, warm grey of its colour, which is put on with the full, fat touch of Dupré, though more incisively, and with more effort at concentration of light about the main group of horses and figure. The second, steeped in an atmosphere of low-toned silver, is a real Jacque, noble and grand in its general aspect, the dark monumental figure of the shepherd under the shadowed tree making a majestic silhouette against the sky. By Daubigny there are "Landscape" (5), one of his usual yellow sunsets, with dark greens; and a bold sketch, "Landscape" (47), somewhat marred by a raw pink here and there in the sky. The nearest approach in English art to Diaz's "Mythological Allegory" (18), at least as regards colour, is in Sir John Gilbert's work. "Summer-time" (123) is richer and purer in tone, and recalls the painting of Diaz's friend Monticelli. Dupré and Troyon are but insignificantly represented, and "Greville" (125), a coloured chalk, showing a glimpse of the sea through admirably modelled downs, is the only Millet. Amongst more modern work will be noticed Bastien le Page's exquisitely delicate portrait of Sarah Bernhardt (41), which was hung in the Grosvenor some years past; a most refined, aerial, and expressive figure, "An Old Man Reading" (98), by Paul Chalmers; Mr. F. A. Bridgman's "Pacha and his Councillors," very pleasant in colour; Mr. Munkacsy's richly bituminous landscapes; P. Lazenge's semi-classic figure and landscape pictures; and best of all, perhaps, a sketch by James Maris, "Coast Scene in Holland" (28), superb in tone, and alive with the flutter of wind, lapping of waves, and the roll of big cumulus clouds. Good work, too, comes from Messrs. Eugene Jettel, J. J. de Souza Pinto, and others. We cannot help

noticing "Gathering Flowers" (124), by Mr. Hook, not because it is good, but because it shows that at a bad epoch he was no better than the rest of them, in spite of the energy and power of sincere self-criticism which have made him to-day one of our greatest painters.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

TO see Ormonde is considered a high privilege just at present, and those who were present on the first day of the Newmarket First October Meeting had that gratification. For the Eighth Great Foal Stakes he gave 7 lbs. to Mephisto, as well as to his stable companion Whitefriar, and 12 lbs. to the Morgiana colt. The long odds of 25 to 1 were laid upon him, and they were never in danger; for how could Mephisto, who was handicapped for the Cambridgeshire 12 lbs. below The Bard, be expected at 7 lbs. to beat a horse that had beaten The Bard by a length and a half in the Derby? Ormonde now won "in a hand canter by three lengths," bringing up his winnings in stakes to about 21,261*l.*

"Mr. Manton's" Timothy won his fourth race in the Buckenham Stakes for two-year-olds, beating the Duke of Hamilton's colt, Juggins, pretty easily by a length. Hitherto Timothy had only been beaten in his first race, when he was unplaced to Jack o' Lantern, Salisbury, and Lady Muncester. It was the general opinion that he had made considerable improvement since Goodwood. His winnings already amount to between four and five thousand pounds, and as he has plenty of power, with good limbs, there seems every probability of the colt's proving a valuable race-horse. Although the favourites had much the best of it, taking the day as a whole, backers met with a terrible disaster in the race for the Boscawen Stakes, when they laid 5 to 1 on Prince Soltyskoff's Devilshoof. The running was made by the Duke of Portland's Dodona, a filly by Springfield out of Wheel of Fortune, that had been purchased by her owner as a foal for 1,100 guineas, at the same time that he gave 5,000 guineas for her dam. This small, but strong and promising filly had lost all the five races for which she had yet started, but now Devilshoof failed to catch her, and she won by three-quarters of a length. Agnostic, after six failures, at last won a race in the First Nursery. Mr. Alington's St. Mary won the Hopeful Stakes easily from four opponents. She has now won 1,507*l.* towards the 3,900 guineas that she cost. In the opinion of most competent critics she has thickened a good deal of late, but she appears to be somewhat uncertain in her form. Mr. J. A. Craven's rather moderate looking, but big and lengthy colt, Hugo, beat a field of thirteen two-year-olds for a Maiden Plate. Archer ran him to a neck with Lord Falmouth's better-shaped colt, Blanchland, who had already met with two defeats.

The second day of the meeting was a dull one. Blanchland, the colt just mentioned, won the first victory that has fallen to Lord Falmouth for a long time, in an unimportant Sweepstakes, for which he started third favourite and gave 13 lbs. to Queen Bee, a winner of three races, beating her easily by half a length. Gay Hermit made a great example of Argo Navis in the race for the Thirty-eighth Triennial Stakes, showing once more the inferiority of the fillies of the year to the colts. Although much has been said about the ill-luck of Argo Navis in running second to Miss Jummy no less than four times, and to Gay Hermit once, she has not been altogether an unlucky filly, for the only race she has won this year was worth as much as 2,450*l.* The Great Eastern Railway Handicap was won by Lord Hastings's Pearl Diver, who had lost every previous race for which he had started during the season. The Second Zetland Stakes for two-year-olds produced a dead heat between Mr. L. de Rothschild's St. Bride, ridden by Cannon, and Lord Zetland's Gale, ridden by J. Watts. That this was almost a true-run race was proved by the deciding heat, when St. Bride won by a short head.

The easy victory of St. Mirin over Mephisto for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, on the Thursday, was so much expected that 3 to 1 was laid on the winner, although the pair had run "in and out" this season. Melton was backed very nearly at evens for the October Handicap, but the race was a runaway affair for the two lightly-weighted outsiders, Mr. Houldsworth's Ivy filly and Major Stapylton's Scotilla, who started at 12 and 20 to 1. The former made all the running and won by a neck, which was no great performance considering that Melton was giving her nearly 3 st. more than weight-for-age. St. Mary was first favourite for the Triennial Produce Stakes, and Maxim, who had lost all the five races for which he had started, was second favourite; but the race was won easily by Baron Hirsch's Guadiana, a filly by Galopin that had won three races out of eight. To everybody's surprise, Devilshoof, who had disgraced himself so terribly on the Tuesday, and had obtained for himself the reputation of being a roarer, ran second. The Double Trial Plate was won by Bessie, a two-year-old filly by Beaulere, belonging to Mr. Sherwood, the trainer, that has won a good many races. There was a considerable amount of betting on the First Zetland Stakes, which became a match between Lord Alington's Candlemas and the Duke of Beaufort's Button Park. Each colt had beaten the other, and it was considered such a fine point between them that 11 to 10 was laid on Candlemas. The odds, however, might have been much longer, as he won easily by three lengths.

Ormonde had a walk over for the St. Leger on the Friday, and the only interesting race of the day was for the Rous Memorial Stakes. The Duke of Beaufort's Rêve d'Or was the favourite, on the strength of his having beaten Kilwarline at Derby; but the race was won by Mr. J. Dawson's filly, Caller Herrin, who was run to a neck by Lord Falmouth's Blanchland. The form shown by Caller Herrin has hardly been very high, but she has won but little short of 2,000*l.* in stakes for her owner, and she has done a good deal towards raising the fame of Charibert. Altogether, the late First October Meeting may be said to have been at least up to the average.

AN OPÉRA COMIQUE MATINÉE.

WE know from experience that there is no incident too incredible, no situation too frolicsome, no course of action too eccentric to find a place in the wild tissue of inconsequences that do duty for the dramatic scheme in a modern farcical comedy. As with the structure of the play, so is it with the characters. Let there only be plenty of doorways in the scene to facilitate the indispensable bounding in and out of cupboards, and the requirements of the playwright are complete. The new farcical comedy, *The Undergraduates*, by Mr. W. Outram Tristram, produced at the Opéra Comique on Wednesday differs from most pieces of its kind in not being derived from the German. In other respects it marks no departure. The story is exceedingly simple, though its development is by no means coherent. The play, however, succeeded in keeping the audience in constant merriment, a large measure of which was due to the clever acting of Mr. Felix Morris, who played the part of an ex-pugilist with consistent force and fidelity. This worthy, who is known as the "Banbury Bulldog," is in possession of a document signed by his lodger, one Ernest Farrant, an undergraduate, which sets forth the terms of the young man's engagement to the Bulldog's daughter. Fanny Duggan, the lady in question, is, however, already married to Horatio Sparks, a tragedian in search of a part, and subsequently a footman in the employment of Sir Jasper Farrant. Young Farrant is, of course, expected by his parents to marry an heiress, and he is actively employed in concealing his rash engagement from the young lady. Out of this complication, combined with a little escapade by which the Bulldog runs some risk of imprisonment, is spun the involved and erratic web of dramatic action. A word of praise is due to the excellent support rendered to Mr. Felix Morris by Miss Kate Phillips, Miss Sothorn, and Mr. Yorke Stephens.

MR. CAMERON'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE new platinotype process used by Mr. H. Cameron in his studio at 70 Mortimer Street produces photographic prints of marvellous beauty. They are not mezzotints, nor yet are they merely photographs. The great drawback, from the artistic point of view, of any photograph, however good, however permanent, is the want of evidence that plastic skill is employed. The artist who can put a few lines on a copper-plate, and "mix with them a little brains," is superior to the greatest mechanical, chemical, optical workman, who, with a combination of glass and brass, platinum and gelatino-bromide, can only bring out a picture without either soul or body—a lifeless shade. But there are degrees among photographers; and though mechanical skill is necessary to them, a few have shown us in years past that skill is not everything, and that culture and picturesque taste are necessary to high art, as much with the lens as with the brush and palette. The greatest difficulty the photographer can encounter is that of rendering the tone of high colouring in a single tint. Mr. Watts's picture of "Hope," in the last exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery, consisted, as most of us can remember, of a single female figure without colour, or only with so much as might be seen in pale moonlight. But in the background and overhead there was a blue sky in which a single white star shone. The blue was not intense; it was neither light nor dark; but it was essentially luminous. This luminous quality of the sky, quite as much as the poetry and beauty of the bowed figure, characterized the picture. In ordinary photography such a sky would be turned almost white. The chemicals generally used have a very different feeling as regards harmony from that of the human artist. It is necessary, therefore, in rendering a picture like this, notwithstanding its prevailing monotone, that the photographer should be able to give the sky its due place in the picture, making it neither so dark as to kill the delicate gradations of the flesh and the draperies, nor so pale as to be forgotten. Mr. Cameron has boldly essayed to solve the problem, so far, at least, as it can be solved in a single colour. He has succeeded in giving the relative values of the sky, the globe, and the figure of Hope, and has made us a print of Mr. Watts's great work which will serve to remind those who have seen the original of some of its more important features of composition, gradation, and even of colouring; and will give a pleasure to those who never saw it as great as any they can attain by a print in monochrome. No print in monochrome can ever do full justice to a coloured picture; but with this reservation we may safely recommend Mr. Cameron's photograph, which, we are informed, is, so far as can be judged by the experience of a few years, quite permanent. Mr. Cameron has

also made a fine "platinotype" of Dr. Jackson, in a grey or black and white medium, the delicate rendering of the snowy hair being particularly successful. A fine portrait on a light background, in white clothes, is also noteworthy for its gradations, but is less attractive than the foregoing. A study, "In Maiden Meditation," described as untouched and unenlarged, and a boy's head, also in pearly grey, but evidently stippled all over, are hardly so satisfactory. Perhaps the fault is in the spectator, whom they fail to interest; perhaps the "Hope" and the portrait of Dr. Jackson spoil us for less striking subjects.

REVIEWS.

OUR HOME BY THE ADRIATIC.*

THIS very pleasantly written book contains a most interesting and original account of one phase of Italian life. The author has lived for twelve years in a part of the country that foreigners rarely visit, and has mixed freely in a society which they hardly ever enter. As her husband was engaged in managing his estate, she was also constantly brought into direct contact with the peasantry, who have lost for her the romantic and somewhat theatrical interest which they inspire in those who view them only from a distance. She saw the family life of the richer country families, and, by her account, the existence of the women, whom male strangers never see except in their best dress and manners, must be indescribably wearisome. *Our Home by the Adriatic*, therefore, contains no idyllic picture of pastoral life; but still there is none of the bitterness of a lost illusion in it. The author bore the trials of strange discomforts with fortitude; she is certainly able to describe them with humour. Another of her merits is that she never talks about things she does not understand. She does not indulge in æsthetic raptures or literary criticism. She confines herself to her subject, the social conditions around her; and, as she has observed both closely and intelligently, her book not only makes capital reading, but also affords valuable materials for those who desire to form a clear conception of the real life of modern Italy.

The chapter on Courtship is one of the most amusing. It is full of anecdotes, and displays a knowledge of such matters which only a woman could have obtained. We take the following extract from an account of the afflictions to which an old gentleman was subjected who endeavoured to obtain a wife for his son by means of a circular:—

She lived in the wilds of Calabria, and there he betook himself with Antonio. Arrived at the railway-station, they were shown the castello which was their destination, situated on the summit of a hill. But how were they to get there? Italians never use their legs if they can help it; a carriage was unknown there, and not a cart nor a horse was to be found. At last a donkey was procured; it had neither saddle nor bridle; but a sack of flour served for the former, and on it the elder gentleman mounted, whilst Antonio got up behind. The bridle was advantageously replaced by a halter, as the animal did not possess a mouth, and answered only to vocal remonstrance with a stick accompaniment. The donkey's master served as a guide and companion. He beguiled the way by numerous interesting anecdotes concerning the owner of the castle, interrupted occasionally by strong language addressed to the donkey, who, objecting to his tremendous load, frequently stopped short, in spite of threats and blows, for several minutes at a time. At last they arrived at the castle, whose owner received them courteously. With as little circumlocution as possible, the father stated the object of his visit, and begged to know whether the amount of the dot was what he had been led to suppose. "Would you not like to see my daughter?" inquired the host, evading the question. "She is a charming girl, my *consolazione*." Now our friend, although he prided himself on the courtesy of his manners, knew how to be stern and to the point when occasion demanded; so he replied, "Not at all." When assured that the dowry would be really forthcoming on her marriage with his son he would see the destined bride, but not before. Then the host was forced to admit that he thought there must have been some mistake; that, in fact, he regretted to say that it would be quite out of his power to "come down" with more than half the sum demanded. "In that case," returned Antonio's papa, "there can be no negotiations between us; but, as we have come a long way, we must encroach so far on your hospitality as to ask for breakfast." It was now the turn of the other papa to say "Not at all." He was very sorry; but it was not the custom of the country to offer breakfast to people who had come on such a delicate errand. If a marriage had been arranged, then indeed a sumptuous repast would have been quite *en règle*; but as it was, a cup of black coffee was all that he could offer without compromising his daughter.

The reader will be glad to learn that, after several other disappointments, the worthy and energetic father succeeded in securing a daughter-in-law with the hundred thousand francs he desired.

One of the attractions of Italy is the great variety of popular types that it affords. The inhabitants of one province differ from those of another in their thoughts, their feelings, and their way of life. Thus the Calabrian in the story just quoted was not only making a sharp retort, but speaking the simple truth when he said that his neighbours would have been shocked if he had invited such visitors to a meal; the strange thing is that the coffee was not set before them on their arrival. From the chapter on the Contadini it appears that the peasantry of the district described, which seems to lie in the south of Marcia, are much better off than those of either Northern or Southern Italy, while their position is

* *Our Home by the Adriatic*. By the Hon. Margaret Collier (Mme. Galletti di Cadilhac). London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1886.

not quite so good as that of the Tuscans. Perhaps the author would have formed a better opinion of them if circumstances had not prevented her from sympathizing with the one side of an Italian peasant's life which is never quite sordid or prosaic; but it may be that this population, among whom "crimes of violence are rarer than in most parts of Italy," is somewhat wanting in imagination as well as passion. The lives of the lower classes are rarely very attractive to men, and still less to women, of culture, except when they are expressed in song or depicted in fiction. That the youths and maidens among the contadini enjoy a greater freedom of choice than in the middle or higher classes is clear from the book before us, otherwise how could Assunta have changed her lovers so often? It is religion which supplies to the poor of all countries an interest that transcends the narrow limits of their daily lives, and thoughts that bring joy or comfort from distant unknown regions. But, besides this, the Church is a social centre for the Italian peasants, and its festivals lend a variety to their existence such as is unknown to the English labourer. Now, if we strike these two influences—youthful love and religion—out of a life so simple and unlearned as that of the classes employed in farm-work, whether proprietors or not, must necessarily be, what ideal interest remains? The children and the garden, the author would probably reply.

If the contadini of Marcia regard their offspring with such indifference as Mme. Galletti tells us is usual in the middle class, they form a strange contrast to those of the Southern provinces, who frequently spoil, but rarely neglect, ill use, or overwork their children. It may be so; for in the South there are districts, such as Caserta, which in this respect bear an ill name, with what ground we do not know. As to gardens, their civilizing effect can hardly be over-estimated, and the pains that many of the English clergy have taken to encourage a love of flowers has already borne golden fruit. The influence of the taste thus created or popularized may be seen, not only outside but inside the cottages of their parishioners, in their family life as well as at the yearly village show. But it is not only the peasants, but Italians of all classes, who are indifferent to the beauties of nature, and to whom flowers are only valuable as an ornament for their persons, their tables, and their rooms. To possess a large garden in a city or a fine villa near it is a sign of wealth, and therefore a social distinction; but country life, unless it can be led within an easy drive of the city, is to them an unmitigated bore. There are exceptions, of course; but Mr. Browning's two poems on the subject accurately express the all but universal sentiment. The old villas of central Italy, which are remarkable alike for the loveliness of their sites and for the taste with which the grounds were originally laid out, seem to show that this cannot always have been the case; but it is so now. Even the sunflowers, of which mention is made, are cultivated in many districts, not for their beauty, but their seeds, from which in some places oil is expressed, while in others they are eaten. But even if the Italian peasants were possessed by a horticultural passion instead of being utterly indifferent to such things, what time could they find for cultivating their gardens?—

Labour is cheap. For seventy-five centimes a man, and for forty-five a woman, will work from sunrise to sunset through a long summer's day, and many will come from villages several miles off, to return when their work is done, taking only one hour for repose and food. How they contrive to exist with so little sleep and so little food, I cannot imagine. They are seldom in bed before midnight, and all through the summer are up again at three.

What time, then, is left for gardening? The proprietors of the soil they cultivate or those who hold it by the system of *mezzadria* are no better off in this respect. From dawn till dusk they are busy in their fields, and if in the South they sleep for an hour or two during the midday heat, they often work by moon or even by lamp light. Where is the time for the gardens to come from? Except in the Southern plains or valleys there are of course slack times, but these are as unfavourable for flowers as for fruit. You cannot plant honeysuckle or sow pansies when the ground is covered with snow, any more than you can graft vines or sow French beans, and if you are a peasant, you have clothes enough to mend and tools to repair during such intervals.

Mme. Galletti di Cadillac sums up her opinions as to the peasants thus:—

They are picturesque in dress, pleasing in manner, accommodating up to a certain point, willing to express sympathy or to fall in with your moods by their ready smiles and tears. But one must be content with the surface; there are ugly sights beneath—hypocrisy, greed, avarice, cruelty, or at least stony-heartedness, superstition, and irreligion. Their absolute contentedness with themselves and their own condition causes despair in those who would seek to better them.

As to the question of irreligion, our own experience would lead us to say that the peasants of Italy are deeply religious, and that their religion colours all their superstition, except when it takes the spiritually fatal form of witchcraft, which involves a renunciation of the Saviour, or at least some violation of the sacraments which the perpetrator of the sin believes to be His, and is thus intended to be a personal affront to the Almighty. Even in such cases the thoughtful observer can recognize the strength of the light by the darkness of the shadow. Hypocrisy, too, is a hard word. Does it refer to religion or to social life? In the former case, we have no reply; it is not given to us to try the hearts of the children of men; in the latter, it is true that the Italians of all classes are demonstrative in a way that Englishmen may easily misunderstand. If one

were to go to all the houses to which one is casually, though pressingly, invited, one would cause great consternation in most. In a similar way, a peasant is apt to use strong terms of devotion to his superiors, which cost him nothing. It would be rather hard to expect every one who signs himself "your obedient servant" to be ready at a moment's notice to black your shoes, and that is what taking such protestations literally comes to. Greed and avarice are the characteristics of peasant proprietors everywhere; but the feeling is confined in Southern Italy almost entirely to money. Produce is freely given, not only to the mendicant friars, but to the familiar beggar, and even to the passing stranger. If the tables of the contadini are fully spread, no one need pass their home hungry; if sparsely, they will share their little with him who is in need. Money occupies quite a different position in their imagination; they see little of it, their rent is paid in kind, the few purchases they make are generally by means of barter. Ready money is laid aside to pay off a debt, for the daughter's dowry, or to send to a son who is serving in the army. As to cruelty, or at least stony-heartedness, it is too true that the Italians are cruel to animals, more from a want of imagination than of feeling, as to human beings. But if the author will consult any elderly country clergyman who has passed his life in parochial work in England, she may hear stories as bad as and probably worse than any she has to record. We will not speak of the way in which able-bodied and even prosperous sons and daughters allow their worn-out parents to fall upon the rates, for "the house" is unfortunately considered by this class of Englishmen the natural refuge of old age. But the fact that after the father is once safely deposited within its walls, the children do not take the trouble of visiting him from year's end to year's end shows a "stony-heartedness" such as we at least have never met with in Italy. In the greater part of Germany matters are even worse, as any country clergyman, either Protestant or Catholic, will tell you as soon as you have gained his confidence; for the lust of possession prompts children not merely to neglect, but even to maltreat their parents. The evils on which the writer dwells doubtless exist in Italy, but elsewhere as well. The struggle for existence, when reduced to such simple terms, does not lead to tender-heartedness. "Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

The chapter on the *Sindaco*, on the other hand, gives a vivid picture of a purely Italian state of things. Every one who wants to know what *prepotenza* is and what its effects are should read it. In this case, the husband of the author bearded and overcame the lion in his den, after considerable fatigue, it is true. But, if we turn from this to the concluding chapter, we find good ground for congratulating Italy and auguring good fortune for her future. Here was a man who was placed at every disadvantage. He was a comparative stranger; in the midst of a clerical population he asserted very clearly his liberal views; he had bought confiscated ecclesiastical property; yet, by dint merely of his honesty, courage, and disinterestedness, he won the affection and confidence of his neighbours. If only other men of wealth, education, and conscientiousness would follow his example, and, in spite of their repugnance to the country, live on their estates at least for some months in the year, keeping a tight hand over their stewards, they would conquer the worst evils that now threaten their country, much as he did the fraudulent *Sindaco*. It is because the great proprietors rarely visit their estates, because there is no healthy independent opinion in the provinces, that such men as the wicked *Sindaco* can live and thrive; and that they do live and thrive no truthful man who knows Italy can deny.

In conclusion, we have only to express our gratitude to the author for the most readable, sincere, well-informed, and, on the whole, impartial book on the social life of Italy that has fallen into our hands for several years.

FOUR NOVELS.*

SOMEWHERE in *The Evil Genius* Mr. Wilkie Collins causes one of his characters to make certain remarks about "the new school of novel-writing." "These new writers," we are told, "are so good to old women. No story to excite our poor nerves; no improper characters to cheat us out of our sympathies; no dramatic situations to frighten us; exquisite management of details (as the reviewers say); and a masterly anatomy of human motives"—which last, as one of the other characters explains, "is in itself a motive for human sleep." Mr. Wilkie Collins, at any rate, generally manages to keep his audience awake. He does so in his latest novel, though it is by means of less startling and, as some people may think, more legitimate agencies than those employed to make the gentle reader "sit up" in *The Woman in White* and *Armada*. There are no murders in *The Evil Genius*. There are no ghosts, no mysteries, no mesmerism, and no very wicked people. Nobody poisons or tries to poison anybody,

* *The Evil Genius: a Domestic Tale*. By Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1886.

Voices Crying in the Wilderness. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

The Golden Rangers: a Romance. By Gabriel Ferry. London: J. & R. Maxwell. 1886.

Who is His Father? a Story of Poverty and Fortune. By C. J. Scotter. London: Field & Tuer. 1886.

and, for any sign that he gives of it in these three volumes, Mr. Collins might never have heard of the science of medical jurisprudence. In fact, it is a quiet little tale of love, weakness, and repentance, with few incidents and nothing at all remarkable in the way of plot, which, nevertheless, is made thoroughly interesting. Of course Mr. Collins has not so far departed from his old self as to write without a "moral," which in this case seems to be that ladies ought not to divorce their husbands for mere conjugal infidelity, and that, if they do, they should take the sinners back to their heart when they truly repent.

The Evil Genius is not the strongest of Mr. Collins's novels; but, in spite of much that is painful in the story, it is one of the pleasantest. There is real pathos in the figures of the two women who sacrifice themselves, in the most natural way in the world, for a man immeasurably inferior to either of them. Herbert Linley, it is true, is rather a cur; but a cur of good intentions is just the object on which the best of women will throw themselves away, and Mr. Collins stops short of making Linley's curishness repulsive. The sadness of the book is relieved by many touches of humour. Mrs. Presty, Linley's mother-in-law, the "evil genius," is capital, with her meddlesome, blundering fussiness. There is a delightful little girl, whose conversation is a constant pleasure. Indeed, Mr. Collins reveals unexpected capacities in childish dialogue. Here are some remarks addressed by a young lady to her dolls:—

Here's the Queen, my dears, in her gilt coach, drawn by six horses. Do you see her sceptre poking out of the carriage window? She governs the nation with that. And now look at the beautiful bright water. There's the island where the ducks live. Ducks are happy creatures. They have their own way in everything, and they're good to eat when they're dead.

Altogether *The Evil Genius* will not disappoint Mr. Wilkie Collins's admirers, and perhaps agreeably surprise some who are not much disposed to regard his works with enthusiasm.

The anonymous author of *Voices Crying in the Wilderness* begins well. Unfortunately he cannot, in sporting language, stay the course. He opens with a picture of a South Sea Island, in which a couple of English gentlemen have given themselves up to the theory and practice of sun-worship. Gerald Vane is a cultured person, of Agnostic views, who has been abandoned by the crew of his yacht with nothing to speak of but an "antique silver lamp" or two, "a bookshelf filled with finely-bound classics," a little "old plate," and a few other trifles such as a man would naturally have with him when he landed casually in the course of a cruise. Also he has his infant son Arthur. Left on his island, Mr. Vane makes the best of it. He constitutes himself king and judge over the islanders, and subdues them to the useful and the good by instituting sun-worship, and pretending that he is the priest of far-darting Apollo. He brings up Arthur to the business, so to speak, and makes him his curate and assistant high-priest. Arthur talks English—very long-winded and pompous English—and he reads the finely-bound classics; but he has never been told of England or Christianity, and takes the sun-worship quite seriously. The father dies of fever, and on his death-bed tells the boy that he is the heir to great estates in England, which he had better go and claim, and that sun-worship is all nonsense. So Arthur makes his way to a neighbouring island, and gets taken to England, and the town of Desborough, where his uncle is Dean. Dr. Vane is an excellent clergyman, but he is not a very competent guide for a young gentleman in search of a religion, which is what Arthur has now become. The sun-worshipper turns out to be a solemn and griggish youth, who puzzles his friends and greatly bores the reader. Happily for him, his cousin, Lady Ernestine, is like unto himself. Arthur at once feels that he has found a kindred soul in a young lady who says to him:—

You would not feel the understanding in the night if it was not somewhere in you too; or rather if you and the night were not both comprehended in one understanding.

When Arthur and Ernestine have communed in this enlivening fashion for a certain number of pages, we are introduced to Phoebe Brown, a pretty little thing, who does not in the least comprehend the understanding of the night, and thinks flirting better fun than improving conversation. The sun-worshipper is attracted by the amount of "growth-hope" in her, and suggests marriage; to which Phoebe, though she foresees that he will bore her to the verge of extinction, consents, mindful of the fact that Arthur has plenty of money and fine relations, and that she is "nobody." The match greatly moves the indignation of another of Arthur's cousins, the Earl of Silverdale, a young man who calls Arthur a prig (which he certainly is), and is so blind to the higher light as to seem "quite sure that field sports and athletic games were among the best of earth's good things." This nobleman is rather amusing, and Phoebe, with her light-hearted, unconscious selfishness, is really a capital sketch; but just as we are getting interested again the author hastily marries Arthur to Ernestine and Phoebe to the Earl, and finishes off the book in a violent hurry, as if he had suddenly come to the conclusion that nothing much was to be made out of it. Perhaps he is right; for it must be admitted that *Voices Crying in the Wilderness* is rather a dreary novel. But there is some good writing in it, and some power of realizing character; and if it is a first work the author may be safely recommended to try again, and to adopt a more promising subject than the spiritual wanderings of a depressed and depressing young man, who really wanted nothing so much as a little of that wholesome regimen which Swift re-

commended to Vanessa when she was more than usually captious and unreasonable.

The Golden Rangers is a story about Apaches and Mexicans and hunters with long rifles, conceived in the early Fenimore Cooper manner, and executed with exceeding feebleness. There is a Baboo-like naïveté about its style which induces us to believe that it is adapted from the French or other foreign tongue. When we read that somebody's black curling hair "a little assuaged the severity of his countenance," we are inclined to give the author the benefit of the doubt, and to hope (though there is no hint to that effect on the title-page) that *The Golden Rangers* was not originally couched in the language that Shakespeare spoke. The story opens at a town in the province of Biscay which the author calls El Anchovi. At this romantic spot there is a Countess Mediana and her little daughter Lucy. There is also a wicked uncle, Don Antonio Mediana, who abducts the lady and her daughter, murders the former, and leaves the latter floating about in an open boat at sea. The era of this exciting history is the early part of the present century; but, nevertheless, there are "French-Canadian cruisers" on the waters. The child is rescued by one of these remarkable vessels, and is protected by a sailor called Supple Jack, who, though presumably a "French-Canadian," talks stage-Yankee throughout the book. A "British brig" captures the cruiser; and then, as the playbills say, "an interval of twenty years is supposed to elapse." At the end of that time Lucy reappears in Mexico disguised as a boy. Mexico also extends its hospitality to Supple Jack, who has now become a jaguar-hunter, and the wicked uncle, who has adopted the pleasing alias of Archiza. Everybody in the story goes in search of a treasure which is concealed somewhere in the desert. There are a great many fights with Indians, which are among the feeblest combats known to us in literature. The Indians destroy a large number of the *dramatis personæ*, and Lucy destroys Don Antonio, to revenge the murder of her mother. Then this heroine, with the French-Canadian Yankee and another companion, go off and live somewhere in the forest together, and the author assures us that, "if the happiness of the world is not a vain delusion," it was enjoyed for ever after by Lucy "and the two brave wood-rangers of the wood."

Who is His Father? contains only 224 pages, all of which, with the exception of one, might be most appropriately and advantageously spared. The exception is the page which contains the following epitaph written over the fireplace of a certain public-house:—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
BILL SHUFFLER,
Who departed this Life

on
December 4th
OWING TUPPENCE.

Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

This is not excruciatingly funny; but it is quite a little oasis of wit in the desert of Mr. Scotter's dreary narrative and more dreary efforts at humour. The story is a string of flat and meaningless episodes which it would be of no profit to anybody to describe. "The bone of contention between them is small and easily understood," and "With the lightest of hearts they were capable of cultivating under the circumstances," are passages rather favourably distinguished among Mr. Scotter's sentences for lucidity and precision.

DR. GNEIST ON THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.*

MR. JENERY SHEE deserves the thanks of students of English history and politics for his translation of Dr. Gneist's volume on the English Parliament. He would have been entitled to them in fuller measure if his translation had been always accurate. He falls, however, into occasional blunders possible only to carelessness or lack of knowledge. Mr. Shee now and then combines his ignorance of the German language and his ignorance of English history, with the result of putting into Dr. Gneist's mouth statements which must exceedingly astonish that learned and accurate writer. Thus, after referring to Pitt's resignation in 1801 because he "was debarred from adding an emancipation clause to the Act of Union," Dr. Gneist is made to say, "In 1804, by George III., he was called anew to office, but under condition of setting this urgent matter at rest." To set an urgent matter at rest is one thing. It is to deal with it so as to remove the cause of disturbance. To leave it at rest is another. Mr. Pitt did not even leave it at rest. He left it in agitation, by acquiescing, when he became Prime Minister for the second time, in the King's demand that he should leave it alone. It is easy without having the German original before us to see the particular mistranslation into which Mr. Shee has fallen. But a knowledge of the fact that Mr. Pitt undertook, in deference to the conscientious scruples and to the endangered reason of George III., not again to stir the Catholic question, the moving of which in 1801 had brought about a return of the King's malady, might have been reasonably looked for in any one sufficiently interested in political questions to undertake

* *The English Parliament in its Transformations through a Thousand Years.* By Dr. Rudolf Gneist, Professor of Law at the University of Berlin. Translated by R. Jenerly Shee, of the Inner Temple. London: Grevel & Co.

the translation of Dr. Gneist's volume. Mr. Pitt's surrender of the Roman Catholic cause is one of the turning-points of history; and though it deserves, in the circumstances, indulgent consideration, it is responsible for no small part of that Irish difficulty which will occupy much of the attention of the historian, as it has occupied the attention of the statesmen, of the nineteenth century, from its beginning until, we fear, its close.

Again, Dr. Gneist is made to say, "In the years 1793 to 1796 the incongruous elements silently drifted off till only a homogeneous Whig Cabinet remained." The time is that in which Mr. Pitt's first Administration began definitely to assume the Tory character which marked it until its close, and which was not affected by the absorption into it of the Portland Whigs. The statement occurs in a rapid narrative of the development of the system of party and Cabinet government under William III. Instead of "the years 1793 to 1796," Dr. Gneist no doubt wrote and printed "the years 1693 to 1696." It was at the commencement of this period that Sunderland advised William III., discarding the system of mixed Administrations, to form a purely Whig Cabinet; and from this experiment, the success of which had been conclusively established in 1696, the system of government by Parliamentary parties dates. We do not attribute to Mr. Jenery Shee the deliberate opinion that William III. was King in 1793-6, or that Mr. Pitt's Administration in those years was "a homogeneous Whig Cabinet." The perpetration of the error is no doubt due to a slip of the penman or the printer. But the mere presence in the same passage of the name of William III., of the phrase about "a homogeneous Whig Cabinet," and of the date 1793-1796, could scarcely have failed to warn a mind fairly familiar with English party and Parliamentary history of a very gross blunder. It is not sufficient for a translator to have the text of his author before him; he ought, if he is to avoid ludicrous mistakes, to be fairly and independently acquainted with the subject-matter of which his author treats. This condition Mr. Jenery Shee does not appear to fulfil. The translation, however, is intelligible, though occasionally uncouth. Mr. Shee sometimes mixes the German and the English idiom together, and the construction of the sentences, and especially the order of the words, now and then belong to neither language. For the constant and fatiguing use of the historic present where the narrative past tense would be natural, Dr. Gneist, and not his translator, is, we presume, responsible. The idea seems to prevail with some writers that this disagreeable device gives vividness to style. Dickens adopted it in the days of his literary decadence, and it is a favourite artifice of lady novelists of the baser sort, but it is unworthy of the intellectual dignity of Dr. Gneist and of the substantial merit of his works.

Dr. Gneist writes, not only as a scholar, but as a philosopher; not only as an historian, but as a statesman. Beginning with the *Gemotes*, or popular assemblies of the Anglo-Saxons—"a designation" of the tribes so named "which is as foreign to popular as it is to legal usage"—he ends with the third Reform Act of 1884-5, as he calls the Franchise and Redistribution measures which have given us the two Parliaments of 1886. Dr. Gneist not only describes, and describes, so far as we can judge, with accuracy, though succinctly, the different stages of our Parliamentary system, but he shows the institutions of the country in their movement and their gradual living evolution. For nearly two hundred years the essence of the English Constitution has been government through Parliamentary parties; and it is a question with many thinkers, of whom Sir Henry Maine and Mr. Goldwin Smith are among the most conspicuous, whether the system has not done its work. Parties are inevitable in periods of conflict, when great issues are at stake. But they seem a poor device for the tranquil conduct of affairs. They resolve government into a warfare of factions; they are a sort of organized disorder. Disorder leads to dictatorship; and Dr. Gneist describes accurately the state of things which now exists in England. Since 1867, instead of party government on traditional lines, we have had "the quasi-dictatorial position of a single statesman as personal interpreter of the actual average of 'public opinion.'" This dictator, however, may, as we have recently seen, misinterpret public opinion, or, giving up the attempt to interpret it, he may endeavour to surprise and pervert it. Then there is a fair chance that the nail, which he drives after the fashion of the Roman dictator, may be not into a temple wall, but into his own political coffin. Dr. Gneist describes society in England—not, of course, the society of the Society journals—as "setting its whole mind on securing the free election of the popular House, which, as Administrative Committee of the nation, frames resolutions and points out the Ministers who are to carry them into constitution." Dr. Gneist has little respect for public opinion; but, whether it be correctly or rightly informed, its support and direction are essential to government, not only in England, but in every nation where anything which can be called a public exists. What is vital is to distinguish between deliberate and settled opinion and the momentary impulse of a casual majority. The state of things which Dr. Gneist depicts, in which the House of Commons depends upon a popular electorate, and the Cabinet, or Executive Government, upon the House of Commons, ensures the flexible adaptation of the Government to the changes of the national mind. It prevents deadlock and conflict. But it does not ensure, it greatly endangers, stability and continuity in legislation and administration.

These are the elements which it is necessary to strengthen. We do not believe that the remedy is to be found in the revival of

the functions of the Privy Council, in the extension and more active use by the Sovereign of her prerogatives, in any system of indirect election. Nothing but a monarchic or aristocratic revolution or a foreign conquest could impose these restrictions upon democratic power. Whether or not they may be desirable in themselves, they are now impracticable. What is needed is to strengthen still living institutions, not for the purpose of resisting public opinion, but for the sake of contributing more enlightened direction to it, and, by the interposition of a wise delay, to give it opportunity deliberately to form and test itself. The dictatorship of single statesmen, affecting to be the authorized interpreters of opinion, has been aided by the seclusion of the Sovereign during many years from ostensible participation in public life. The strengthening of the House of Lords is desirable in order that it may follow a Fabian policy, and by delay restore the State, giving time to the nation maturely to weigh the wild adventures into which faction and demagogism may seek to plunge it. It may use for guidance the pause which it interposes for deliberation. But the House of Lords must earn public confidence if it is to resist merely popular impulse. "The do-nothing peer," Dr. Gneist complains, "who in former generations was seldom to be met with, is an everyday apparition at a time when the very existence of the House of Lords has become a burning question. An irresistible desire to wander at large lays hold of the landed gentry at a time when their presence on their estates should be more urgent than ever with them, lest they lose utterly their local influence, already in so shaky a condition." The better comprehension by the upper classes of their interest and of their duty would enable them, not indeed to resist public opinion, but to take their fair share in shaping it, and to compete successfully with the dictator-demagogue and the wirepuller of the Caucus. The sphere of local government, on which the greater part of English life depends, has remained, as Dr. Gneist points out, in a considerable degree free from the influence of party politics. In foreign affairs, the frank recognition by two successive Foreign Ministers, Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, of the need of a continuous policy has been sanctioned, if it were not rather suggested, by public opinion, which need not be feared, as Dr. Gneist seems sometimes disposed to fear it, if only it be rationally and courageously appealed to.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.*

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, Mrs. Barrett Browning, Mrs. S. Brownrigg, tersely described as "murderess"; Robert de Bruce, VIII., better known and loved as Robert the Bruce; James Thomas Brudenell, better known, and certainly not loved, as Lord Cardigan; Beau Brummel, Charles Buller, Poet Bunn, and Bunyan—such are some of the illustrious and notorious names which, in strange companionship, are brought together by the imperious necessities of alphabetical arrangement; and perhaps there could be no better proof of the merit of the huge compilation which Mr. Leslie Stephen is editing than that which can be obtained by reading through the nine biographies appended to these names, which have been taken at haphazard.

To notice the good biographies, or even a selection from the good biographies, which this volume contains, would require far more space than is now at our command, but a few as diverse from each other as biographies can be, may be alluded to, not as specially excelling the rest, but as being good samples of the manner in which difficult and varied work has been executed. The life of Mrs. Barrett Browning by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, for instance, though by no means a perfect piece of work, and not unlikely to receive some criticism, has a wonderful charm, and will, we doubt not, be read by many. An austere censor might object that it is rather hazy as to dates, that it is not a sufficiently clear and full narrative, and that there is too much about Mrs. Barrett Browning's friends and admirers, and not enough about Mrs. Barrett Browning. The last objection would certainly have some weight. There is no use in quoting the testimony of many to establish what is well established already, the fame of this woman of genius, and it is difficult to imagine that any one can be particularly concerned to learn that Mrs. Kemble admired the "Court Lady"; while certainly Mrs. Ritchie might have spared us the terrible dictum of an American writer who, vulgarizing everything after the fashion of his tribe, described the poetess in a wondrous metaphor as "a soul of fire enclosed in a shell of pearl," which is much the same as it would be to talk of a soul of acid enclosed in a skin of peach. But notwithstanding this and other faults, the memoir is a singularly pleasing one, having that peculiar grace which invariably belongs to anything that Mrs. Ritchie writes, and giving a very charming picture of one who, albeit her great work has been described with some justice as poetic lymph, has left beyond all doubt a noble and lasting name in English poetry.

The work of a yet greater poet is dealt with in a different manner in this volume. The life of Burns is full, accurate, and minute, and gives, as might be expected, a luminous and masterly account of his troubled career; but it is not specially sympathetic, and, well written as it is, does not leave the pleasant impression which Mrs. Ritchie's monograph does. Quitting literature for history, with which great pains have clearly been taken in the

* *The Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. VII. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Dictionary, we may point to the lives of the Bruces, by Dr. Mackay, which really constitute an historical chapter of no small value. The long life of the great Bruce cannot certainly be said to be powerful, or to present a very vivid picture of the times; but, on the other hand, it is perfectly free from the faults of what we may call the *impressionist* school of writing, being careful, thorough, and admirably fair. Scotchman though he be, Dr. Mackay makes no attempt to palliate the errors of Bruce's youth, and in dealing with the much-disputed question of the murder of Comyn inclines to what he calls the English view—i.e. the opinion that it was an act of treachery; and in a note at the end of his memoir he says, in words which are truthful enough, and indeed trite, but likely we fear to shock many of his countrymen, that Bruce was at first not a Scottish patriot, but an English rebel. It is needless to say that, in dealing with the better portion of the great warrior's life, he does full justice to all that was magnificent in his noble career, which differed from most noble careers in being in the end completely successful. Many other biographies of totally different kinds might be cited as showing how well the work has been done in this seventh volume. The long life of Burke is excellent, although, if a true portrait of the man was to be given, the writer should have said more of the virulence which he showed in his later days. As good average samples of the wares that are offered we may refer to the lives of Dean Buckland, Buckstone the actor, who is admirably described, Charles Buller, and Buckle. The Editor, who is the author of the last-mentioned memoir, speaks sympathetically, but with perfect justice, of this most disappointing writer, who seemed likely to achieve so much, and left so little of value behind; for, even when all allowance is made for Buckle's comparatively early death, he must be pronounced a magnificent failure. We may observe in passing that Mr. Leslie Stephen is perfectly correct in his reference to the extraordinary feat which Buckle performed when he lectured at the Royal Institution in March 1858 on "The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge." Totally unpractised in public speaking, he spoke for more than an hour and a half in a perfectly consecutive manner without ever losing the thread of his discourse, and without ever pausing for a word or referring to a note. This certainly showed extraordinary power in one way, and many men whose lives have been passed in public talk would not undertake to do what this all-untrained orator then did. It may be doubted, however, whether there has been much agreement with the conclusion he then endeavoured to enforce—namely, that women's minds are more deductive than men's.

From the names we have cited it will be seen that great pains have been taken with that portion of the Dictionary which relates to modern times, and this has been rightly done; for often nothing is more difficult than to find a concise record of the life of a man who belonged to our own times or to those just preceding them. Consistently enough, the editor has been careful to keep the work reasonably up to date, as is shown by the insertion of a life of Colonel Burnaby; but, unfortunately, this biography, while giving a fair summary of the achievements of this heroic soldier, falls considerably below the level of many of the narratives in the present volume. It may seem strange that any one should write about Burnaby in a carping spirit, but the author of this Life certainly appears disposed to carp at the doings of a man who was in some respects a type of what a soldier should be, and whose memory is justly honoured by his countrymen. Thus he says that the ride to Khiva "was not remarkable for its dangers or difficulties of exploration," which is perhaps true; but he omits to point out that part of the journey as planned by Burnaby was, or was thought to be, dangerous in the extreme. He also speaks of the famous *Ride to Khiva* as rather "extravagant in style"; a remarkable statement, which merely proves what indeed a passage towards the end of his article very clearly shows, that he has not the slightest notion what style is; and though his narrative will be useful to those who want to know what Burnaby did, it is much to be regretted that it was not subjected to more severe supervision before it was allowed to appear. It is difficult to imagine what the Editor was about when he allowed this crude writer to say that the work just mentioned has some useful military appendices, "but is conversational in tone" (in other words, is not written in fine English), "and defaced by extreme anti-Russian sentiments." In such a compilation as this, however, some blemishes are inevitable. On the whole, Mr. Leslie Stephen is, as has been indicated, much to be congratulated on his seventh volume, which is at least a worthy successor of those that have preceded it. In those that are to follow, the doings of men yet unborn may be chronicled, if it is continued on the present scale, and perhaps an exceptionally laborious grandson or great-grandson of the Editor may see the last sheets through the press some time in the twentieth century.

REICHENBACHIA.*

ORCHID-HUNTING has of late years become a mere commercial industry: in many places the aboriginal man is given a pattern and sent to seek for more in his native woods, and the plants brought home are knocked down to the highest bidder in a London auction-room. But this was not the way

in which the first orchids that reached this country were procured. They were collected by men of science, in the face of countless difficulties, and often at the risk of their lives. Then came the question of sending them home. The voyage was long, sea-water destroyed the plants. To preserve one specimen out of a thousand was considered a success, and cost several hundred pounds. Even Mr. Fortune was twice wrecked, and all his cases were dashed to pieces. He was attacked by pirates, and afterwards nearly died of jungle-fever. However, by degrees, and with the help of Wardian cases, plants began to arrive in such condition that they could be nursed back into health. The habitat of the various species became known, and private collectors arose ready to give fancy prices for what was either rare or beautiful, so that orchid-collecting became a lucrative trade.

It would much add to the interest of this very sumptuous book, coming out in parts at a price very honourable to the liberality of the publishers, and printed in three languages, if some account were given of the first orchid-finders. Abundant material is to be had for the seeking. There are no doubt diaries to be drawn upon, and old gardening chronicles are full of interesting letters detailing the adventures of these travelling botanists. There are probably also letters which have never been published lying at Chatsworth or in the archives of learned Societies. For instance, we have a delightful picture given by James Drummond in 1839 of the enjoyment he and his family took in their researches at Swan River. All the children were enthusiastic collectors, and revelled in the new flora with which they found themselves surrounded. The few botanical books Drummond had been able to take out were almost immediately after his arrival destroyed by fire, so that it was impossible to class the plants by any recognized system; but the family soon invented genera of their own, christening the plants, as a rule, after the name of the finder; and we have "Jane's spiral-leaved," "John's spotted spiral-leaved," and others of the same kind. The girls of the family were as keen botanists as their father, and Miss Euphemia soon acquired the reputation of having an infallible eye for detecting what was for them a new species, though, had their books been spared, they might have identified it as one already known. They often hit on a name given for some peculiarity which coincided with the botanical nomenclature. Many were the trophies carried home by young Johnson Drummond from kangaroo-hunting, and we can picture the whole family assembled to welcome his return, and to gloat over some more than ordinarily fine specimen brought in by the tired hunter, who had carried it across the saddle for many a weary mile. If Miss Euphemia's "unerring" eye pronounced it "new," it was added to the dried collection with mutual congratulations. The family had of course their disappointments as well as successes. On one occasion a particularly rare orchid appeared on some heaps of clay which had been dug up for building purposes. The dried specimens were lost, and the same plant was never rediscovered in all their wanderings. A fine collection they made was destroyed, and another was spoilt on its voyage home, but they were never discouraged. It was a labour of love, not of pounds, shillings, and pence. Drummond made an expedition to King George's Sound, in which he also found some fine orchids. He agreed to keep a journal for the Government, on condition that he was supplied with rations at the different military posts. The small stock of paper with which he started soon came to an end, and his ink dried up, so the latter part of the journal was kept in pencil on scraps of tea-paper that he begged by the way. On this journey Drummond not only made botanical collections, but he helped Captain Scully to discover the Victoria Plains, the best land for sheep-runs which up to that time had been found in the Swan River colony. He also conducted most useful investigations into what plants were the cause of the almost wholesale poisoning of the sheep and calves imported into Western Australia from other districts, so that his researches after rare plants enabled him to help the settlers to find out and destroy the herbs which were injurious to their stock. Another Colonial Botanist, Allan Cunningham, took a particular interest in orchids. He started from England in 1814 with Captain King for a four years' voyage, visiting Brazil and many other places. He describes himself as standing under a tree forty feet high looking at orchids waving their beautiful sprays of blossom in the sunshine, and having no means of getting at them and no tools to fell the tree. They were as much out of his reach as the brightly-plumaged birds which almost looked like flowers on the wing. In dense forests the monkeys, parrots, and parasitical plants have to get to the top of the trees for air and light, and now in orchid-hunting there is much destruction of forests going on, three trees sometimes having been felled for a single plant worth the expense of transport. Sometimes a tree falls from decay, bringing with it others, and thus a cleared space is made, in which the orchids thrive below until the light is again shut out by further growth. Cunningham says that in his wanderings he suffered most from having to walk over the naked netted roots of trees. After some hours the sensation was as if the soles of the feet were being put in boiling water. Over these exposed bare roots he walked for days, sometimes collecting plants on chance, sometimes looking covetously at longed-for specimens far out of his reach. At Elizabeth Bay, while waiting for the wind to fall, he found "on a lawn" a small group of orchids richly in flower, which he removed and sent to Kew, also a species for which he had often sought and had found only once in fourteen years. After seventeen years of wandering he settled down at Strand-in-the-Green, to be

* *Reichenbachia; Orchids Illustrated and Described.* By F. Sander. Part I. St. Albans: Sander & Co. 1886.

near Kew, intending to spend the rest of his days in quiet and study; but his grave is in the Sydney Botanic Gardens beside the lake, and overshadowed by weeping willows. Richard Cunningham, James's brother, was sent out at the request of the Australian Government as Colonial Botanist, and, being full of ardour in his profession, he asked to be allowed to take a journey into the interior. Disregarding the repeated warnings of his companions, he constantly allowed himself to become separated from his party. One day, having crossed a river alone, he was captured by the natives and taken a prisoner to their camp. They appear at first to have intended to treat him kindly, but Richard, being much excited by his misadventures, could not sleep, and walked up and down all night muttering and throwing his arms about. This conduct the blacks could not understand. They probably thought that he was making incantations against his captors, so, becoming frightened, they murdered their prisoner on the morning of the 25th April, 1835. Allan was then invited to take the post, as he had been before Richard went out. He was now broken in health, suffering much from rheumatism, and not fit for the trying and multitudinous duties expected from the director of what he calls the "Government cabbage-garden." In the first place, his staff were all convicts, forty of whom were lodged in the Botanical Gardens entirely under his charge, and who made rather an unruly set of under-gardeners. Then he was ordered to lay out the city of Sydney, to plant trees, and arrange how the streets were to run. This, however, with time and proper help he might have managed, but it was too much for his feelings to be obliged to cultivate vegetables for the households of the Government officials, and to find his garden filled with cooks with baskets coming for parsley and onions and treating him as a mere market-gardener. Cunningham, finding that the thousand a year allowed for expenses was entirely absorbed by the households of the Government officials, leaving him neither money nor time for botanical studies, threw up his appointment in disgust. The Government then sent him to make observations in New Zealand; his servant was a life-convict, but proved a useful and faithful attendant. Cunningham, taking with him needles, pins, hatchets, and tobacco, journeyed for some time and brought various orchids from Brisbane, but his hardships and long journeys began to tell upon him after twenty-five years of almost uninterrupted work; so he returned to Sydney, and faded quietly away. On his father's tombstone, in Kensington churchyard, were "narrated the circumstances of his career," but it is now too weather-worn to be deciphered. We might go on to any length with orchid-hunting as a text, but we may perhaps hope that in future numbers of *Reichenbachia* some such narrative as we have indicated may be supplied. It would add immensely to the interest of this beautiful book, the illustrations to which reflect the highest credit on the artists and colour-printers employed.

THE MORPHOLOGY OF COINS.*

MR. KEARY, in this very interesting little work, defines its scope and the meaning of its title thus:—"By the Morphology of Coins I mean the history of those changes in their form which have resulted, not from definite historical events, but from influences which are always present, and are always affecting in a greater or less degree the evolution of coins. These influences, in their turn, are the result of forces common to human nature, and in many respects analogous to those which have produced the variations in form in the animal and vegetable kingdoms." This subject has hitherto been little studied, in spite of its being one which may often throw new light on many doubtful points in the science of numismatics, and which is also of much wider interest than any single branch of archaeology, dealing as it does with the broad lines of human thought and with the complicated motives which often lead to the production of artistic forms which at first sight would seem to be arbitrary and unaccountable.

However radical the change in the government and mental state of a country, the coinage never bursts out in an absolutely new form. Some relationship may always be traced with a previous type, and thus Mr. Keary is able to make out various genealogical trees, as it were, extending through many countries and many ages.

A coin has to be not merely a piece of metal of fixed purity and weight, but it also needs an easily recognized stamp or type to ensure its passing freely from hand to hand; and when one type of coin-design has become familiar to the people who use it, there are strong objections to exchanging it for a new design, especially when the coin is used for trade with foreign races.

Thus in numismatics, far more than in any other art, there is a strong habit of conservatism. As Mr. Keary remarks, though such objects as a sword or plough usually are modelled to some extent after a previous fashion, yet a clever inventor may at once strike out something quite new; in the case of a coinage it is not so; any type which bore no relation to an already known and trusted one would be looked at with suspicion, and would fail as a ready means of trade exchange.

This explains why (for example) Athenian tetradrachms of the time of Phidias and even later are designed and modelled with the stiff archaism of a much earlier time; so that nothing

but the Mint-mark and an indefinable something in the workmanship betray that they are not archaic but archaistic. Even at the present day imitations of the Spanish "Pillar dollars" of the last century are struck for use in China and Japan, and at the time of the Abyssinian war in 1867-8 large quantities of "Maria Theresa dollars" were manufactured at Birmingham for the use of the British troops in their dealings with the natives of Abyssinia, simply because the inhabitants of those countries had learnt to know and trust the weight and purity of the now obsolete types of dollar. Other forces, however, work in direct opposition to the conservative tendency, and these Mr. Keary divides into religious, artistic, and historical causes, all of which tend gradually to introduce new types.

A barbaric state of artistic development often produces, against the coiner's will, a type of coin which is very different from the original design, and as time goes on, and men have to imitate the imitators, the divergence becomes very great, and it is by no means easy to trace the process of heredity. Striking examples of this are given by the coinage of Northern India, which for many centuries was copied from the coins introduced by Alexander the Great, in whose time the gold staters of himself and his father appear to have circulated throughout most of the known world. A large number of the early Celtic coins of Gaul and Britain are in type derived from the very beautiful staters of Philip II. of Macedon, and a chronologically arranged series of these show the process of imitation and degradation in a very interesting way.

The earlier Celtic coins, though badly executed, are easily to be recognized as copies of the Greek original; while in the later ones, the meaning of the original device is wholly lost, the lovely profile head of Apollo has become merely a sort of floral ornament, in which only the laurel wreath round the god's head can be recognized. The reverse also has a mere pattern, in which scattered fragments of the limbs of the horses and the chariot wheel are arranged in a quite disjointed way, so that nothing but the existence of the intermediate stages enables one to trace the *biga* driven by the victor at the Olympian games—a type originally selected to commemorate the prize won by the chariot of Alexander's father. Mr. Keary gives an interesting sketch of the genesis of coinage systems. Strangely enough, two far-distant countries, China and Lydia, seem to have both invented a stamped metallic currency about the same time—namely, in the seventh century B.C.

In earlier times in China metal implements, such as knives and axes, were used for exchange. At first real "practicable" tools were employed, but by degrees the implement became a thin piece of metal of no use except for purposes of trade. Crescent-shaped iron knives are even now used as currency by many tribes south of the Soudan. The earliest European coins, those of Lydia, are thick dumps of electrum, simply marked on one side with a punch. The next stage was to cut some sign or device on the punch; and, thirdly, the piece of metal, instead of resting merely on a flat anvil while it was being struck, was laid on a second die fixed face upwards, and so received at one blow an impression on both sides. Lastly, the thick lump of metal was replaced by a thin and accurately rounded disk. This change came in very slowly, and in most places in comparatively late times. In Magna Græcia, however, even before 500 B.C., coins were struck on a thin-spreading flan of silver; examples of this are common from the early mints of Sybaris, Metapontum, Croton, Poseidonia, and other towns in Southern Italy. Some of these have the device *incuse* or in *intaglio* on one side, in order that the die, by being cut in relief, might force the silver into the hollowed die which was used for the other side, as otherwise it would have been impossible to get high relief out of a thin flan.

Mr. Keary's work, though small in bulk, contains an exceptionally large amount of original and valuable matter, and is full of suggestions for the further development of this almost unexplored field of investigation. One cannot but regret that he has not treated it at greater length. The illustrations are carefully selected, and are photographic reproductions of the best sort.

MOUNTAINEERING BELOW THE SNOW-LINE.*

IN a little volume of pleasant enough reading Mr. Paterson gives some of his experiences among the mountains of England, Scotland and Wales, and of Norway. It hardly needed pointing out that there is ample room for mountaineering in our own country, and Colonel Barrow has recently shown how much there is of beautiful, and even of dangerous, ground, if that is desired, to be explored in our own Lake district. Every one must agree with Mr. Paterson in his admiration of the lower mountain regions, and of the grand and lovely effects to be found among them; but he need not have been so zealous in his disparagement of loftier ranges and true Alpine work as he has occasionally shown himself. The real attractions of English mountains do not require any such misplaced depreciation of other regions. Mr. Paterson declares that he will not gainsay the taste of those whom he chooses to call "heroes of the rope and axe," who hazard their lives against the odds of glacier risks, while he very properly dilates upon the manifold charms of our own hills and dales. But he is a little indiscriminate when he says that glacier-water

* *The Morphology of Coins.* By C. F. Keary. Reprinted from the "Numismatic Chronicle."

* *Mountaineering below the Snow-Line.* By M. Paterson. With Etchings by Mackness. London: G. Redway. 1886.

resembles nothing so much as sewage, and that the torrent sweeping down an Alpine glen is usually no better in colour than a sewer. The comparison is as unsavoury as it is frequently untrue; and, if the slender Naiads of our English streams and beckes could rise from their beds to protest against such language being used concerning their fuller-grown sisters in Switzerland, they would certainly do so. And it may be asked, at how many points can Mr. Paterson have seen the Rhine when he calls it "that turbid stream"? Neither is he quite so altogether in the right in claiming for his own favourite recreation an immunity from danger not to be found among the Alps. No one but a very hardy and practised climber and walker could have performed some of the feats recorded by him without much distress and an alarmingly excessive amount of fatigue. And for himself, with all his general experience, a sprained ankle or the loss or damage of his compass or map might have proved fatal. Mr. Paterson possesses good powers of description; but his pages are sometimes disfigured by too much fine writing, a fault from which it would be easy for him to escape. But his book will be found full of interest for the general reader, and may prove useful to intending mountaineers among the lower levels who are robust and prudent enough to be able to follow Mr. Paterson's example without serious danger to themselves.

The solitary walk of nine hours and a half from Llanfairfechan to Capel Curig, in as straight a line as possible across the wildest tract of mountains in North Wales, was certainly a remarkable one, performed as it was in rain, storm, and mist; and the familiar names of Snowdon and Cader Idris appear in connexion with much that is novel and striking. In Cumberland some fine mountain rambles have been made by Mr. Paterson, behind the back of the guide-books and without local guides. Full justice is done to the real grandeur of Seawfell, and of the lesser mountains around it; while the varied and inexhaustible beauties of Borrowdale afford scope for descriptions which are both poetical and exact. There is a delightful walk described along the ridge of Cat Bells and an ascent of Saddleback, marred, however, by mist, the usual drawback, along with frequent rain, to the thorough enjoyment of the Lake country. But why does Mr. Paterson go on employing the spelling of "cwm" after he has ceased to be in Wales? It is certainly wonderful to think that it has taken several generations to educate the general mind to a due appreciation of such scenery, and that Gray, who was almost the first to make Borrowdale and the Lake country known, should in his letters have written of the horrors of Borrowdale. And yet that was not much more than a hundred years ago, and now we have all the mobs of "trippers" becoming familiar with the district; and it is only to be hoped that they really have learned to enjoy and appreciate what they now can see so easily, and that some real greatest happiness of the greatest number has been called into existence to compensate for the horrors occasioned by the inroads of the excursionist.

The angling stroll described in the chapter under the title of "Loch Skene and the Ettrick Forest" does not offer so many points of interest as the rest of the book, the most novel portion of which is devoted to the account of the primitive and little-known region of Soetersdal in South Norway. This secluded district was only to be penetrated at the expense of considerable hardships in the way of food and accommodation, going very far indeed beyond what is usually to be understood by the phrase of "roughing it"; and, except for the glory of ascending without guide the mountain Gausta, which is over six thousand feet high, this expedition seems worthy to be classed among those things which are to be chiefly enjoyed in the looking back at them. The inhabitants are barely civilized, the dress of the women is scarcely decent, and the dirty habits of the people were strongly described by a German whose ill fortune had made him a resident among them, and who said, "There are dirty people in all countries, but if you take a Soetersdal man and throw him against the wall he will stick."

A remark must be made on the practice so often indulged in by publishers, of adding to the bulk of their volumes by binding in advertisements of their own books. In the present instance, along with 307 pages of "Mountaineering," there are 40 pages—about 12 per cent., or one-eighth of the matter of the book—thrust in between the covers, and having an index at the end, which for a moment looks as if it was an index to the book, and which tempts the reader to consult it as such, whereas it is really only an alphabetical guide to the advertisements.

TWO BOOKS FOR EMIGRANTS.*

IT is a comfort to know that, if the countries of the Old World are overcrowded, there is ample elbow-room in the other hemisphere for the indefinite expansion of the race. Even should the United States be settled up from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and Australasia colonized to the verge of its waterless deserts, there is still the vast extent of Southern America, with reserves and resources that are practically inexhaustible. Above all, the chances of the future are with the Imperial Empire of Brazil, which offers tempting opportunities to any number of immigrants who

will face the climate and the temperature. Although the climate may be sultry, it is generally healthy, and there is great variety in it; for Brazil stretches from the north of the Line to the south of the Tropic of Capricorn, while there are valleys and plateaux in the lofty highlands of the interior where European agriculturists can work and thrive. Already, indeed, the example has been given at Petropolis by a successful community of German settlers. There can be no question as to the rare fertility of the virgin soil, enriched by the rotting of the leaf-fall in the forests from time immemorial; and the land is at once irrigated and drained by the mighty rivers with their intricate network of tributaries. Frequently those rivers are unobstructed and navigable, offering cheap and easy water-carriage; but besides that, the Government has been opening up the country by pushing railways into the interior. It is to the extension of one of the lines in the province of Minas Geraes that we are indebted for this pleasant volume by Mr. Dent. It is simply written, and consequently extremely readable; it gives picturesque sketches of the natives, with their primitive manners and customs; and it is enlivened by an entertaining and circumstantial account of the writer's personal experiences. Mr. Dent was one of the chiefs of a staff of English engineers engaged by English contractors to carry out the extension. He sailed from Liverpool with nine companions in the summer of 1883, having been preceded by another party of pioneers. He might have spared us the details of the outward voyage, and his impressions of such well-known cities as Bordeaux and Lisbon. But he appears to have printed his letters and journals as they were written, so the narrative gains in freshness when he breaks new ground in Brazil. Travelling up the country to Queluz, which was the point of departure, he goes into raptures over the grand luxuriance of the forest scenery. He was doubly interested as a botanist and as an amateur of the picturesque; but the graceful bamboos and the ferns especially pleased him. Nor even afterwards was he much disenchanted upon closer acquaintance, when superintending his people, who were clearing a track through the woods. It was disagreeable, no doubt, in the height of the wet season, when the rain descended in bucketsful, and the air was steaming with warm moisture. But even then each stroke of the axe opened up fresh botanical surprises, as the woodmen cut a way through such dense vegetation as is never nurtured in our hothouses of exotics at home. Mr. Dent, as an enthusiastic entomologist and collector of insects, may be supposed to have shown more resignation than most people under the torments of insect pests. But even his patience was sorely tried by the manifold plagues of those Brazilian woods. The *carr-a-patos*, or bush-ticks, were always with him—unpleasant little animals, which bury their heads in the flesh, having to be extracted by surgical operations with the point of a knife, and leaving festering wounds behind them. The bush-ticks paid their attentions to the person; but there were ants which, though they do not bite, were terribly damaging to the wardrobe. He found in one of his bivouacs that they had arranged a nest under his pillows, having lined their quarters with the canvas straps of his saddle-bags, and laid up magazines of sweets they had extracted from his stores. When woollen garments of any kind were left trailing on the ground these ants immediately proceeded to devour them; and neither flannel shirts nor bed-coverings were to be replaced in the backwoods. There was another species of monster ant, acquaintance with which he was very desirous to make by way of introducing some variety in his monotonous cuisine. Fried *tanajuras* were highly recommended in the Brazilian cookery-books. At last a swarm landed in the camp, and very formidable and unsavoury they looked. They were over an inch in length, and measured three inches across the wings. Mustering his resolution, Mr. Dent caught a few scores in his butterfly-nets; he seems to have treated them something like whitebait, passing them rapidly through boiling water instead of boiling oil; and though he tried the delicacy with considerable reluctance, he liked it so well that he finished the dish. The diet might have been monotonous, as it was certainly novel, to an Englishman; but, on the whole, he does not seem to have done badly. For bread they had the nourishing cassava or mandioca cakes, and he admits that the dishes of strange meat, dressed in the native fashion, tasted much better than they looked. The party depended chiefly on the provisions they could pick up on the spot, for there was great difficulty in bringing up supplies. Everything has to be transported on lumbering bullock-carts, and the charges are as high as the progress is slow. The carts crawl along over what are humorously called "roads," and their construction is so primitive that there is no arrangement for locking the wheels, though the forest tracks are perpetually ascending and descending. When the descent is stiff, some of the oxen are unhitched and yoked on behind. In fact, everything in the backwoods is as primitive as may be; and great is the change as the railways push civilization forward. One of the oddest examples of uncompromising conservatism is in the case of the drivers of these bullock-carts. The approach of the vehicles may be heard at any distance from the unearthly groning and creaking of the wheels. Inquiring why the wheels are not oiled, Mr. Dent discovered that, on the contrary, they were powdered with charcoal to increase the friction. The explanation was that the oxen liked the noise, and would only pull kindly in tune to the melody.

With a people so prejudiced against innovations, it may be conceived that there were many who strongly objected to the railways. So it was greatly to their credit that, generally speak-

* *A Year in Brazil*. By Hastings Charles Dent. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1886.

Emigrant Life in Kansas. By Percy G. Ebbutt. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1886.

ing, they were more than civil to the foreign surveyors, talking the question over frankly but calmly; and they were not only courteous but hospitable. For the most part, they made the strangers welcome to their best; and either absolutely declined any recompense or accepted it with reluctance. The solitary exception that proved the rule was a priest, who on one occasion left the surveying party to lunch before his door, under a big umbrella and a blazing sun, and we own to some sympathy with the reverend gentleman. For he was bitterly opposed to the line, and it was being carried beneath the very windows of his presbytery. The people are very religious, if not superstitious; but the clergy, whom they hold in high respect, sometimes set them an indifferent example. Attending the funeral of a great landowner, of which, with its tedious ceremonial, Mr. Dent gives an interesting account, he was scandalized by the proceedings of the three officiating priests, who were laughing to each other and exchanging snuff-boxes, as they stood by the head of the coffin at the most solemn moment. Mr. Dent, as we said, praises the climate, but the changes of temperature in spring and autumn must be trying. After the day had been passed "under a grilling sun," the thermometer in the night would fall several degrees below freezing-point; and there might actually be a difference of 80° between the temperature at midday and at midnight. There is an appendix containing much valuable information as to the condition and prospects of the Empire. Railways, religion, slavery, and finance are shrewdly treated in succession. Much of the money borrowed by the State has been expended on the railways and other public works, and unquestionably most of the lines should have a prosperous future, while they will develop prosperity in great districts. But Mr. Dent as a practical engineer thinks that the cost of the Government works has been extravagant, while it is more than probable that there has been considerable corruption. He is of opinion that "the whole fabric of Brazilian finance rests upon a very frail foundation," and that the stockholders have grave cause for anxiety, unless there should be a radical change in the financial policy of the Government.

It is sixteen years since the writer of *Emigrant Life* went out to Kansas with a party of six in search of fortune. He was then a mere boy, almost a child; it is doubtful if he had even the proverbial dollar in his pockets; and, as he only stayed in America for a few years, he did not give himself the chance of becoming a leviathan capitalist or landowner. But he shows that a willing and industrious lad may always get a living there of some kind. In the course of his rough apprenticeship as jack-of-all-trades to various masters he picked up a good deal of information, which is as useful now as then; and the story of his chequered experiences is entertaining. As he went out with his father at the tender age of ten, he was in no degree responsible for the recklessness of the adventure. The father, having been bred an upholsterer, was admirably fitted to rough it as a farmer in the American back settlements; while only one of his companions had any knowledge of agriculture. The enterprise was the more foolish that they had some little capital to risk. The redeeming feature was that they did their utmost according to their lights; they rose early and worked late. Notwithstanding which, and naturally, they had a hard struggle for existence; they endured great privations, and very nearly came to utter grief. In the severe winter following a disastrous prairie fire they were actually being helped by public charity; they made roasted rye do duty for coffee, and went to bed with the winter sun to save candles or lamp-oil. And there is a humorous, though still rather pathetic, side to the picture when we are told of the artisans struggling with unmanageable oxen and with a vicious pony in the habit of kicking his carts to pieces and getting himself inextricably tied up in the broken harness. Consequently Mr. Ebbutt, who was the younger boy, was sent away to shift for himself and look out for service with the neighbouring farmers. He not only made friends, but he often fascinated people; for he had sundry offers of adoption, which he somewhat foolishly declined. If his wages were low, he was always treated as one of the family; and, if more liberal arrangements had been made as to his wardrobe, would have had little cause for complaint. The winters, with their long evenings, were tedious as they were trying; but in the summer, when he was galloping on his pony after the cattle he herded, the cares of life sat lightly on him. Those cares were generally in connexion with the search for missing cattle, which might be bogged beyond probable discovery or possibility of extricating themselves when the country was swamped by the rains, as they might stray when frightened by a fire or scattered by "a blizzard." Like Mr. Dent in Brazil, Mr. Ebbutt suffered from the extremes of temperature, though of course in Kansas they were infinitely greater. But decidedly the most dramatic chapter in his book is the description of a memorable descent of locusts, or grasshoppers as they are locally called, which desolated a great breadth of country, bringing ruin on those unfortunate settlers who were farming from hand to mouth. The locusts travelled slowly, at the rate of about two and a half miles a day, and they did the work of devastation thoroughly. They "came on gradually like a fall of snow," and they timed their arrival for the beginning of harvest. They ate up every green thing, commencing with the crops they liked the best, and they strewed the ground several inches thick. They stripped the woods of leaves and devoured the very apples in the orchards. They would have choked the deepest draw-wells, if the wells had not been daily cleared out. Nor did the advanced columns move on

till the bulk of the army had been reduced to feeding upon twigs and bark. And the larvae they left behind would have renewed the devastation next year had not sunshine followed by keen frosts fortunately destroyed them as they were hatching.

THREE MEDICAL BOOKS.*

PROFESSOR WIEDERSHEIM and his translator are to be congratulated on this work, for which they are jointly responsible. The descriptions of the structure and development of the organ-systems of vertebrates, though necessarily brief, are clear, and their meaning is made more apparent by a large number of excellent woodcuts. It is not, however, a book for beginners, as, unless the reader be possessed of very considerable knowledge of anatomy and zoology, he might almost as well attempt to read it in the original German without having a knowledge of that language. The author has arranged his book according to the organ-systems, and described the embryonic development, as well as the modifications of these systems occurring in the various groups of vertebrate animals. This plan, as pointed out by Mr. Parker in his preface, assists the student in grasping the fact that there has been an evolution "of organs as well as of animals."

Until quite recently the treatment of certain diseased conditions by massage, here considered by Dr. Murrell, has been but little adopted in England, although some feeble imitations of it have been in limited use under the names of medical rubbing, shampooing, &c. These latter have been looked upon, and not unjustly, as being closely allied to quackery. About the advantage which may be derived, in properly selected cases, from the application of massage by skilled operators there can be no manner of doubt. This mode of treatment is extensively used abroad, especially in Germany, and many patients who would much rather remain at home are driven away by the difficulty of obtaining good massage in England. The knowledge of the subject possessed by the great majority of members of the medical profession here is of the most meagre description, and we hear that a supply of trustworthy manipulators can scarcely be said to exist. It behoves our doctors to look into this matter, as it is through them only that the English public can satisfactorily avail themselves of the benefits to be derived from this really valuable aid to the treatment of some very intractable diseases.

To the question "What is Consumption?" Dr. Hambleton answers thus:—"The process by which are removed from the human race those who have an excess of the body to the work demanded of it, which is shown by the loss of the powers of the lungs to adjust themselves to their external conditions, and the effect of which is to establish in the race a balance between the body and the work it has to perform." This reply appears to us very obscure and, where its meaning can be made out, exceedingly misleading and insufficient. It is a result of every disease terminating fatally to remove from the race those whose organisms are unable to adjust themselves to their external conditions; and the foregoing description would apply as aptly to other affections of the lungs as to phthisis. The author subsequently informs us that consumption (by which we presume he means pulmonary consumption, to the exclusion of tubercular disease of other organs) "is due to the conditions that reduce the breathing surface of the lungs below a certain point." If this be so, it appears strange that pulmonary consumption should be comparatively rare in those suffering from asthma and chronic bronchitis, in whose lungs the breathing surface is so greatly reduced by the resulting emphysema. We agree with Dr. Hambleton in thinking that the conditions favouring the development of consumption have arisen principally in connexion with civilized life—e.g. overcrowding, neglect of exercise in the open air, luxurious habits among the well-to-do classes, and, we would add, deficient and unsuitable diet among the poor classes. The author seems to think it a simple matter to alter these conditions; in fact, goes so far as to say that he knows of nothing "but culpable ignorance or criminal neglect that can, hereafter, place a man in that position"—i.e. under those conditions. If he can point out a practicable way in which these conditions can be greatly improved, he will stand in the proud position of a benefactor to the human race, having taught us how to effect that which statesmen, sanitarians, philanthropists, and all good men and women have for many years been earnestly striving to bring about.

OXFORD MEMORIES.†

OXFORD, as it was fifty years ago, is a subject that is certain to attract readers, and especially Oxford men, and though these volumes record too many reminiscences of a wholly un-

* *Elements of the Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrates.* By W. Newton Parker. London: Macmillan & Co.

Massage as a Mode of Treatment. By William Murrell, M.D., F.R.C.P. London: H. K. Lewis.

What is Consumption? By G. W. Hambleton, L.K. & Q.C.P. London: J. & A. Churchill.

† *Oxford Memories: a Retrospect after Fifty Years.* By the Rev. James Pycroft, B.A., Trinity College, Oxford. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1886.

profitable sort, too many silly stories of silly lads and their rowdy doings, they also contain some matters of interest. Mr. Pycroft's college was Trinity, and he remembers the college as it was when Dr. Ingram was President, and the late Mr. Short—"Tom Short" men called him then, though the "Tommy Short" of after years is more familiar to us—took the principal share in the government. Dr. Ingram, the editor and translator of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, and an antiquary of considerable reputation, was apt to enforce discipline in a manner that would now create some scandal. One youth who fell—or, to quote accurately from this remarkably printed book, "fell"—asleep immediately beneath his desk in chapel was awakened by some sharp slaps in the face which the President administered as he left his seat at the end of the Service, and was sent staggering out of the building by a vigorous dig in the back. A more excusable outburst of passion took place when the President, having in person broken up a noisy wine-party, was insulted by a tipsy young idiot, who sat still in his chair and drowned his remonstrances by blowing a French horn. So, too, when, after a somewhat tyrannical decree forbidding hot breakfasts, old Ingram met a confectioner, named Tom Cripps (Cripps surely; the name has but lately disappeared from over the old shop in Broad Street), bringing hot meats into the college, he was provoked by the man's ready lie, and threw the contents of his basket, "kidneys, cutlets, and broiled chickens," into the shrubs hard by. Of Mr. Short all memories are necessarily pleasant; for, unlike as he was to the earnest-minded dons with whom the University has been blessed, or afflicted, in later days, no man of more thorough good sense or kindlier nature ever had the control of undergraduates. The stories told of him here do not strike us as particularly amusing. Indeed, it was partly the incongruity between his sayings and the position he held, and partly his look and manner, that in most cases gave those who heard him the impression that he had said a good thing. Still, we should have liked to have been present when, one evening at a friend's house, where he had a right to expect whist, he found himself forced to listen to an exposition of the Scriptures from some unqualified person, and on hearing the improver of the occasion read that "they knew that the island was called Melita," promptly remarked, "The deuce they did." Mr. Pycroft makes many of his personages utter long sentences and hold conversations which must, at least as far as words go, be taken as his own invention. Now, it is nothing to us what words he puts into the mouths of the exceedingly foolish young men with whom his volumes are chiefly concerned; but we must protest against such wretched stuff as may be found in a page headed "Isaac William's (sic) Kindness" being attributed to the author of the *Cathedral*. Still, it is pleasant to be reminded that Mr. Williams was regarded with respect and affection even by the wildest set in the college. It is of this set, and of men of a like sort in other colleges, that Mr. Pycroft has most to tell us, and his volumes in consequence give an unpleasant and, indeed, an unfair impression of the condition of Trinity, and of the University generally in his time. Here and there he certainly mentions the names of men of whom their college may well be proud, such as Roundell Palmer and (Bishop) Cloughton; but he has little more to tell us about them than may be learnt from the University Calendar, and as to reminiscences of out-college men of note, he is forced to supply his deficiency by an extract from the autobiography of the worthy Mr. Tupper. For a reading man, as he tells us he was, he certainly had a remarkably large number of acquaintances, who misconducted themselves in various ways. Several were rusticated—we tried to count them, but Mr. Pycroft's memories are confused and confusing, and we failed—others were forced to migrate to New Inn Hall; many were hopelessly in debt; some told lies, and were found out; and others cheated the Examiners. Even Mr. Pycroft seems to have suspected that his readers would grow weary of such memories as these; for in one place he announces that he has been speaking "of the uproarious set in the College," and will now "enter on a more rational class." Accordingly he tells us how one of his friends taught him thimble-rigging, and how skilful he became at it. A somewhat lifeless picture is given of one of the idlest of his friends cramming "types and prophecies" (sic) for the schools, and then we are taken, "as a relief," to the rooms of a certain "sharp and brilliant Charlie," who, after two or three pages of dreary attempts at smartness (surely Mr. Pycroft did not take all this folly down in shorthand), ends with the joke of "forty stripes save one," which really could not have been thought brilliant even half a century ago. A certain "Count" Wratishaw who "scratched" is slightly more amusing, for he could not heartily rejoice in the success of his friends, and, as some of them hoped to take orders, consoled himself with the reflection, "They are all going down hill at a swinging pace at present, but the Bishop will put the skid on some of them." The *vidæ voce* examination for honours was then a more awful ordeal, both for examiners and examined, than it is nowadays. A Trinity man, who had been beaten by one Benham, or Brahma, as the name is also given, of Balliol for the Ireland, was "on" for three hours, and was naturally reduced to such a state of imbecility that "his lips were convulsively pressed together in stolid silence," and he had to "choke down his emotion" at the sight of his sister's bonnet. The bonnet was "neat," and Mr. Pycroft becomes somewhat sentimental. As it is so long since he received his own *testament*, we do not wish to be hard on him, but he need not have gone out of his way to talk of a "Splagossus Orbilio," or to tell us that the "Aularia" was acted at Cambridge.

A large part of the second volume is devoted to cricketing re-

collections. Fifty years ago the Magdalen ground was new, and the Bullingdon had for many years been the only University cricket-ground. Some six of the cricketers Mr. Pycroft played with at Oxford would, he believes—and his judgment is entitled to respect—have been in a University Eleven of the present day. In his time rowing was the pursuit of idle, and cricket of reading, men, and he gives the names of some members of the Oxford teams between 1832 and 1836, who were good scholars as well as good cricketers. Among bishops, "Charles Wordsworth, good at everything, was a brilliant bat—a very free hitter. No University Eleven before or since could ever have left him out"; his brother Christopher was of equal fame as "a fine free hitter." Bishop Ryle was also an energetic cricketer, and had a hand with Mr. Pycroft in arranging "the first of the annual Oxford and Cambridge matches at Lord's." Canon Rawlinson, then of Trinity, who played in this match, was "a most heart-breaking bat. He would block by the hour; his runs must come of themselves." A man's style of play is often a fair index to certain points in his character. Gloves and pads were rare, and only made to order. They came into general use when under-hand bowling became altogether a thing of the past, not, Mr. Pycroft says, because round-arm bowling was faster, "but simply because no one knew where to look for it." Indeed, he insists that "the swiftest bowlers ever known have been under-hand," that "in point of pace nothing comes near" the old bowling, and that the new delivery was only adopted "because the old under-hand bowlers were used up." It is not easy to see why the next generation should have learnt a style of bowling that is, if we are to accept Mr. Pycroft's theory, inferior in every respect to the old. However, as he is one of the few who have seen the performances of the old swift under-hand bowlers, we may be content, however much we may differ from his opinions, to listen to his recollections with pleasure, especially as the question of speed scarcely admits of decisive proof. Although his cricketing memories have little to do with Oxford, there is much in them, rambling and disconnected as they are, that we should like to notice, were it not that they are for the most part merely a reproduction of what he has already given us in his *Cricket Field*, a little volume that reached its sixth edition some years ago. The Oxford memories begin again with a long story about yet another man who was rusticated, and in this Mr. Pycroft is guilty of stating that "some tutors make the scouts virtually spies on the men," giving it to be understood that this was the case in his own college. Whatever he remembers, he certainly forgets what sort of men they were whom he thus accuses. Nor is this the only sentence in his book that we have read with impatience; for he has repeatedly touched on subjects that he should have left alone, and has written of them in an offensive manner. The number of misprints and blunders of various kinds that these volumes contain is simply marvellous. Some of them have been noticed already. "Yoric," "Archbishop Laxton" (Juxon?), "the Earl of Winchelsea," "fontes perpetues," and "flectuntur Achiivi" are the only other specimens we have room for here.

THE FOLLIES AND FASHIONS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.*

THE eighty years which have almost elapsed since 1807 are supposed by most people to have been marked all over the world, but especially in England, and more especially in London, by progress—progress in arts and manufactures, progress in humanity and culture, in sanitation and costume, and so forth. But when Mr. Tuer by a happy thought extracted from a parcel of old magazines some notices of those follies and those fashions which seem to have been most influential at the beginning of the century, and to remain most influential still, he holds a mirror up—not to nature, but to civilization, and shows that, in spite of all that has been done to train the human race and to raise the human mind, it remains human still. The follies of our grandfathers—why does not Mr. Tuer add our grandmothers?—are our follies, and their fashions varied as do ours. It would be easy, as we read, to fancy that the articles, written nearly three generations ago, referred to matters of purely contemporary interest. "Formerly our journals," says a writer in January, 1807, "were the 'abstract and brief chronicles of the times,' and were collected and treasured up as records for posterity, or as materials for the historian; but what a curious collection would a parcel of our modern journals make, filled with the names of persons who but for the newspapers would never be recorded in any way except in the tradesman's book of bad debts!" This is followed by specimens which might have been cut from one of the so-called "Society" papers of the present day—the last announcing that "Viscount — intends in a few days to lead his cook-maid to the hymeneal altar." We do not now speak of viscounts in these paragraphs, nor do we talk so often of the "hymeneal altar" when we mean a registry office; otherwise the gossip is perfectly contemporary. There is a notice of the exhibition of the Royal Academy of that year, which it must be allowed is more truthful and direct than any criticism even of the last exhibition which we have seen. It informs the public that there is "much trash, which it is a disgrace to the exhibitors to admit," but that there are some good paintings, among which

* *The Follies and Fashions of Our Grandfathers* (1807). By Andrew W. Tuer. London: Field & Tuer. 1886-7.

the critic mentions ten. They comprise two portraits of the Duke of Gloucester by Beachy, and "by the late celebrated J. Opie, R.A.," a "Country Blacksmith's Shop," by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and his "Sun Shining through Vapour," both now in our National Gallery; and Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," a picture which "must add fresh and still more blooming laurels to the already well-earned fame of the British Teniers." At a sale at Christie's in February, a Rubens, "The Return of Peace to the City of Antwerp," fetches 950 guineas, and a De Hooze, "The Mistress of a Family descending a winding Staircase and over-hearing the intrigue of her domestics in the cellar," 80 guineas. If we do not mistake, both the pictures are now in the National Gallery, but the Hooze is differently attributed. In August there is a record of the sale "last month" of Hogarth's picture of "Sigismunda" for 400 guineas, struck down by the hammer of Mr. Christie. There are answers to correspondents every month. A female author does not sign herself "Delia" nowadays, but "Maud" or "Pansy," otherwise this sentence would fit modern requirements very well:—"The story by Delia might have suited the public taste half a century ago, but is utterly unfit for publication at the present day." On the same page "Cantab" is informed that his verses on Ranelagh are under consideration; but the next month's notice tells him that "We are sorry we cannot insert the verses on the Fall of Ranelagh." There are many other notes and advertisements, criticisms and anecdotes, which might be quoted—on cookery; on strange wagers, like that described at p. 317, where a volunteer officer undertook to trundle a hoop twenty-two miles in three hours and a half; on parliamentary eloquence; on longevity; and many other things of perennial interest, including criticisms on the contemporary publications of Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron. Mr. Tuer has selected his materials carefully, and in the excellent index gives us a reference to the source from which each extract comes. His selections are made from twenty magazines, of which only one, the *Annual Register*, survives still. There are three engravings for each month, many of them from the original plates, in the compiler's possession, and others cleverly copied and "hand coloured." There are portraits of "professional beauties," fashion plates, hunting and coaching scenes, patterns for embroidery, and landscapes—a wide selection, in fact, from the best illustrations of a period which we are too ready to despise, but during which, it must be remembered, Bewick was in his prime, and Turner was painting the best of his pictures both in oil and in water-colours.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH GARDENING.*

IT is perhaps one of the pleasantest signs of the times, in an age of such hurry and bustle as ours, that the love of gardening is more and more on the increase every year. That people who live, as we all do, surrounded and served by steam and electricity in all branches, can yet find time and inclination to turn aside to "the true and tranquil enjoyments" of gardening is a pleasant fact for the mind to dwell upon. Year by year gardening is becoming more popular, and the demand for public gardens is ever sounding louder. It is not so many years ago since Paddington Green—which, we believe, was one of the first to be so transformed—was made to blossom like the rose; and since then gardens that really do merit such a name have sprung up all over our great towns. The three great tomes now before us are a sufficient proof of the earnestness which gardeners bring to their task in these days, and the "Art of Gardening" bids fair to become a science of no mean abstruseness.

For many years "Beeton's" book on the garden has been the stand-by of amateurs and professionals; but discoveries and developments in gardening have of late years come so thick and fast upon us that an entire remodelling of the volume was found to be imperatively necessary, and the *New Book of Garden Management*, as it is now called, has been so "considerably enlarged and entirely remodelled, rearranged, and reconstructed," to bring its contents down to date, that but little of the original volume remains. As the editor says:—

It has been sought to carry out the work of renovation and extension so as to bring the book into perfect harmony with modern thought and teaching, and to render it in itself an authority, whose decisions may be regarded as final and exhaustive . . . it is a complete and comprehensive work on the Theory and Practice of Gardening in all its branches, embodying full and detailed information on every subject that is directly or indirectly connected with the art, leading up from the preparation of any description of ground to render it fit and suitable to horticultural and floricultural purposes to the mode of culture that must be followed with regard to every kind of flower, fruit, vegetable, herb, and tree that is or can be grown in it.

This extremely comprehensive programme is most ably carried out. Nothing is too trivial which can in any way affect the gardener or his garden. Beginning with a review of the gardens of the world, from that of Eden to those of Chatsworth (of which

the illustration, by-the-by, is a misnomer, as no gardens are visible therein), the author next describes the "formation of natural soils" and the "preparation of soils," both subjects of extreme importance to the owner of gardens. Into the questions of draining and trenching, composition of fertilizers, chemical and otherwise, the writer goes at great length, and lays particular stress on the value of cocoa-nut fibre or spent hops wherein to strike cuttings. Ground plans for gardens of all sizes, from half an acre upwards, designs for walks through shrubberies, flower-beds, geometrical gardens, kitchen gardens, and every sort of illustration which can be of use to the horticulturist in laying out his grounds, even to palings, wire-fencing, and the tools he may require, are given in almost reckless profusion. Nothing could be better than the way in which the book is compiled. The plan of division into numbered paragraphs, to which the numbers of the index correspond, makes the search for any particular subject or plant a matter of the greatest ease to the reader. The illustrations interpolated in the letterpress are above praise; but when will the happy time arrive when the coloured illustrations of flowers in gardening books will cease to be the utter abominations they are at present? In such a book as this, over the "getting-up" of which, in every way, immense care and research have evidently been lavished, such illustrations as the frontispiece and the full-page representations of chrysanthemums and bedding-out plants are positive eye-sores from their obtrusive vulgarity and want of fidelity to the flowers they thus libel. The comic side of vegetable portraiture is unconsciously illustrated by the two vignettes of the "decayed pear-tree," and the "regenerated pear-tree," which suggests at least the "rising sun in all his glory."

Baron Ernouf's book can hardly be termed, any more than Beeton's, an absolutely new work. It first appeared, in two small volumes, in 1868, and was followed by a second edition some years after. When this, too, was exhausted, M. Ernouf turned his attention to remodelling and amplifying his work, in which he was much aided by the collaboration of M. Alphand, "directeur des travaux de la ville de Paris," part of whose preface to his great work on the "Promenades de Paris" is here reproduced. Though termed a "traité pratique sur l'art des jardins," it is so solely from the landscape-gardener's point of view. Into this work flowers do not enter, or are simply mentioned in passing as being useful and effective in certain cases. Individual mention or description of the individual care each plant requires is not given, a fact which is alone enough to single out MM. Ernouf and Alphand's work from other works on gardening. However, we suppose that the authors would defend their system by saying that, inasmuch as when speaking of the art of painting, one rarely mentions the actual pigments or their preparation, so in talking of *l'art des jardins*, to dwell upon the flowers themselves would be superfluous. The work is chiefly devoted to descriptions and illustrations of all the famous gardens both of ancient and modern times. The gardens of all the great Roman villas, Aldobrandini, d'Este, Farnese, Borghese, Albani, Doria Pamphili, and many others, are all treated at great length in the chapter on "Jardins italiens de la Renaissance," which is followed by one on the "Jardins français du XVII^e Siècle," in which the illustrations of Chantilly and its stately *parterres* are particularly interesting in view of recent events. Oriental gardens, ancient Egyptian gardens, Chinese and Japanese gardens, the gardens of ancient Rome, and those of the middle ages, are all passed in review, and even landscape-gardening, according to the paintings of Poussin and Claude, has a chapter devoted to its exposition. But it is when the authors come down to modern times, and describe all the wonders of landscape-gardening that have been accomplished in and around Paris in the last fifty years, that they seem most at home, and certainly both descriptions and illustrations are most interesting. The illustrations are abundant, and with one exception are all extremely good. Nothing could be more delicately true to nature than the vignettes of the *Osmunda Claytoniana* and the *Cyperus papyrus* amongst the illustrations of ornamental plants, while the best thing in the volume is the tiny tailpiece on p. 273, and the very worst the full-page illustration "Autour du Lac," of which it is not too much to say that it has every fault an illustration can have, and its introduction into such a volume is an anomaly.

After the master comes the pupil, so M. Edouard André, who dedicates his book to his "illustre maître," M. Alphand, follows considerably in his footsteps. His work, however, is of a far more practical nature than that of MM. Ernouf and Alphand. It is divided into two parts, the first "historical," the second "practical"; and even Beeton's book is not more practical than M. André when he describes the preliminaries to laying out a garden or "parc." In fact, he goes into far more detail than does the editor of "Beeton"; giving the price of the various workmen's wages, the materials to be used—drainpipes, bricks, wood, tools—and a "somme à valoir pour travaux imprévus," which latter item betokens the man of experience. The author gives most excellent lists of trees and shrubs fit for planting in landscape gardens, and also others of flowers and foliage plants for "corbeilles," which he divides wisely into classes which should be planted at certain given distances from each other. As he says:—

Les plantes à fleurs d'ornement et à feuillage coloré, employées en corbeilles, en bordures, en plates-bandes ou en figures diverses, doivent être plantées à des distances calculées. Ce calcul varie suivant la puissance de végétation des espèces. On a cherché à le simplifier, dans le service des plantations de la Ville de Paris, en préparant à l'avance un barème fort utile, que je recommande à tous les amateurs de jardins. Avec le secours

* Beeton's *New Book of Garden Management*. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

L'Art des Jardins: Traité pratique et didactique. Par le Baron Ernouf et A. Alphand. Paris: J. Rothschild.

L'Art des Jardins: Traité général de la composition des Parcs et Jardins. Par Edouard André. Paris: G. Masson.

de ce tableau, on trouve en un moment le nombre à planter par mètre carré, si l'on connaît d'abord les distances d'espacement pour chaque espèce.

The italics are ours, and meant to emphasize the excellence of a plan whose simplicity obviates many of the difficulties in the path of the planting gardener, and also has the merit of doing away with the "higgledy piggledy" appearance which is so deplorable in many flower-beds of one's acquaintance. Not the least merit of this most useful work is an admirable and copious index.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

CYNICAL observers have sometimes noted the fact that whatever drawbacks may attach to membership of a sect, a party, a nationality, or anything of the kind which is not dominant are at least partly compensated by corresponding advantages. Certainly few of Mr. Parnell's henchmen in the English Parliament would have been likely to write M.P. after their names if they had been loyal Englishmen or Irishmen, and numerous Dissenting divines of no extraordinary talent have had names and positions made for them on similar principles. In the same way French Protestants, at least since actual persecution ceased, have had "certain condolences, certain veils," for their being in a minority. Such men as Guizot, of course, escape the insinuation, but it may certainly be doubted whether the Coquerels and the Monods, perhaps also the Pressensés and the Scherers, have not on the whole made a good thing in reputation out of their nonconformity, if that not very exact word may be applied to them. The younger Coquerel, of whom Professor Stroehlin has here given a rather rambling and ill-digested, but in parts interesting, account (1), was, it is hardly necessary to say, an extreme representative of the dogmatic disorganization which has come upon the Huguenot Church. He was not so much a Protestant as a Unitarian, and during the later years of his life was out of formal communion with the French Reformed body. He seems, moreover, to have been even in his Unitarianism a very inexact thinker, imagining that he would replace dogmatic orthodoxy with a vague "foi" in nothing particular, constantly appealing to the Bible while rejecting the orthodox idea of its inspiration, and, to crown the climax of logical inconsistency, quarrelling with individual miracles while not denying the possibility of miracles altogether. On the other hand, he was personally amiable, was an ardent, if also here a rather vague and inexact, student of art and of literature, and does not seem, like so many ministers of the less orthodox Dissenting bodies in England, to have shirked the practical work of his pastorate. Some interesting particulars will be found here of the parentage and early years of Coquerel (whose grandmother was an Englishwoman), and of the academical condition of the University of Geneva some forty years ago. In the later chapters the ordinary resources of narrative biography are too much neglected, and the Life proper is swamped in masses of uninteresting extract from papers relating chiefly to long-past sectarian squabbles, compared to which the battles of Homo- and Homoi- are matters of vital and capital importance.

M. Millaud's book (2) (though it is rather rash of him to call himself Labryère) is capital pastime. The letterpress is not quite so good as the best of the illustrations, but at its best it is very funny, and almost always readable. The illustrations at their best are really admirable. M. Caran d'Aché is best in almost pure outline—when he fills up and shades he is less happy. In the former style the picture of the Paris telegraph-boy, comfortably cloaked and hooded by a paternal Government, pausing on his leisurely way to act as umpire in a game of "bouchon," and surrounded by an admiring audience of boys and dogs, is masterly. So are the woful experiences of "La Femme du Lecteur du Temps," especially when she is represented as teaching her infants their letters with tears running down her cheeks at the horrid thought that she is only training more readers of the *Temps*. So is "Le Public de l'Académie," especially the lady. So is the ill-bred Minister with his hat on talking to the ballet-girl. So are (though these are more elaborate) the contrasted head and tail-pieces of "L'étalage d'un Libraire." And so are nearly all.

Mr. Colbeck's idea of *French Readings from Roman History* (3) for "modern sides" is good. We once knew the experiment of making the fifth form of a good-sized school read both Roman and Greek history in the French manuals of M. Duruy's series tried with great success. The notes are sufficient and suitable; but there are one or two odd slips of printing, &c. Where, oh where is "Rumi," to which Mr. Colbeck sends M. de Ségur as ambassador? And surely "lie de Romulus" is not so much "imitated from Juvenal's *fax Quirina*" as translated from the "*fax Romuli*" of one Marcus Tullius Cicero? M. Pellissier's *Britannicus* is in its introductory matter a great advance on the usual edition by a Frenchman of a French play for English use, though it still commits the old blunder of implying, if not asserting, that there were not only no strong tragical men before Agamemnon-Corneille, but no men at all. The notes are also good and unusually free from mere transshipments of Brachet, but some of the

translations are a little inexact. To translate "renvoyait," in Agrippina's assertion that Nero

Me renvoyait les vœux d'une cour qui l'adore,

by "conveyed" misses the point. The Court addressed its vœux to Nero, and he "referred" them—"sent them back"—to his mother. If attention is not given to these niceties (and we could produce other instances of oversight), the study of modern languages becomes worthless as education.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WE have had enough and to spare of books that depict the crime and degradation of our cities in the morbid spirit of the sensation-monger. What is wanting in these pungent pictures is the "ounce of civet" in the form of practical remedial suggestion, and this is what Mr. Arnold White attempts to supply in *The Problems of a Great City* (Remington & Co.). His conclusions will not find favour with those who believe in the palliatives of philanthropy or in any of the sovereign nostrums of infallible reformers. "As the causes are serious, the remedies are many," he observes; and it must be owned that many of his remedies are sufficiently drastic. Mr. Arnold White's short way with habitual criminals is to segregate them for life, so that "posterity would, at all events, manufacture most of its own crime," instead of receiving a legacy from the past. This proposition would be more admirable if it could be shown to be practicable. On the connexion between premature marriages and destitution, and on emigration and colonization, there is a good deal in the volume that deserves consideration. With respect to the first question there cannot be any doubt that the ugly facts and figures adduced by the author imperatively demand the inquiry of a Royal Commission, especially as the recommendation of the Mansion House Committee last year was of no effect. While, however, Mr. Arnold White strikes with good effect at the root of things evil, he is sometimes amusingly inconsequent, and even inconsistent. Speaking of Mr. Henry George's "taste for picturesque depravity," he proceeds to condemn the gratuitous advertisement of the Socialists last winter "as the imbecile prosecution of an incompetent Minister," and yet he finds room for a modest advertisement of the views of "Mr. Henry Hyde Champion," of whom he speaks on another page as the associate of "sanguinary faddists."

Dr. Croumbie Brown's valuable series of manuals on the science of Forestry is increased by an interesting volume entitled *School of Forest Engineers in Spain* (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd). In this examination of the progress and work of Spanish schools of forestry the author does not lose sight of his scheme for a British National School of Forestry, which it is the aim of all his writings to further. The care and research that distinguish Dr. Brown's previous compilations are equally apparent in this instance.

There should be a good demand for the new edition of Prescott projected by Messrs. Routledge in five monthly volumes, the first of which—*History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*—has just appeared. The edition is printed from new type, which, though necessarily small, is clear and encompassed by a good margin. The neat black cloth binding is light and strong—an important matter in a volume of nearly seven hundred pages.

Dr. Herman Hager's annotated edition of Gustav Freytag's historical essay, *Aus dem Staat Friedrichs des Grossen* (Rivingtons), is an addition to German class-books that merits warm commendation. Considering the real want of brief excerpts of this class that represent recent German literature, no better subject could be chosen for English students, and the editor's work of elucidation is exceedingly well done. The list of foreign words with German equivalents is a very useful adjunct to the notes.

Mr. C. S. Salmon, the author of *The Crown Colonies of Great Britain* (Cassell & Co.), thinks it is time that Crown rule in the West Indies should be superseded, at least partially, by local self-government; and he has certainly succeeded in making out a strong case, based on his own official experience. It is not the personnel of administration, Mr. Salmon carefully explains, but the system, that is at fault. Writing of the West Indies, he observes:—"Little is known in England of the opinions of these Colonies. Unfortunately, it looks remarkably like as if no one particularly cared what they were." The same complaint formed the burden of an instructive and amusing little book on British Guiana published last year. It is probably due to their ignorance rather than indifference that the people of England know so little of the political aspirations of West Indian colonists. Mr. Salmon's very interesting pamphlet affords some much-needed information.

Mr. Hermann Schmidt is one of the most untiring and ardent champions of bi-metallicism. His latest contribution, *The Silver Question in its Social Aspect* (Effingham Wilson), appears at a moment when something like the promise of a genuine revival of trade threatens to upset his sinister prognostications. Nothing, however, can lead to permanent improvement, according to Mr. Schmidt, until silver is rehabilitated. Low prices, reduced profits, general stagnation, and social disturbance are due to the demonetization of silver by Germany in 1872, and the consequent appreciation of gold. "What we are suffering from," says Mr. Schmidt, "is not so much the insufficiency of gold as the fall in the value of silver, which is unsettling trade and contracts all the

(1) *Athanase Coquerel Fils*. Par E. Stroehlin. Paris: Fischbacher.

(2) *Physiologies parisiennes*. Par Labryère (A. Millaud). Dessins de Caran d'Aché. Paris: Librairie Illustrée.

(3) *Foreign School Classics—French Readings from Roman History*. By C. Colbeck. *Racine's Britannicus*. By E. Pellissier. London: Macmillan.

world over." And in support of this view the author engages in some lively tilting with Mr. Giffen and the *Economist*.

An author who describes a dramatic poem as "merely a sketch of a more elaborate work to follow in due course" cannot be said to lack confidence, however he may seem to deprecate criticism. This is the case with respect to *Punchinello and his Wife Judith*, a tragedy by Evelyn Douglas (Chelmsford: "Essex County Chronicle"). The legend of Punch and Judy, though scarcely occupying so exalted a position in art as the Faust and Don Juan legends, is yet an excellent subject for the dramatist. In its present shape Mr. Douglas's work is extremely vague. It contains a germ, and nothing more, of a dramatic idea. The author should take up "the grotesque element in the story" which he very truthfully confesses he has neglected. He should prune his tedious passages of florid description, and especially avoid the distressing exuberance of phraseology which marred an earlier volume of the poet. It is bad enough to find "gurgle" rhyming with "circle"; but still more exasperating are the "rubious fires," "candent globe," "astral grail," "enubulous dome," "fulvous thunder," and other tropical flowers of poetic speech which plentifully besprinkle the dialogue. Such mannerisms, should they cling to the author's "more elaborate work," will involve it in the fate that befell Punchinello and the operatic Don Giovanni.

Under the title "*Our Lady*" of Walsingham (Kelly & Co.), the Rev. Morris Fuller has written a brief descriptive and historical guide, illustrated by good cuts, which supplies visitors to the famous Norfolk shrine with a useful and interesting companion.

From the Religious Tract Society we have received a new and revised edition of *William Tyndale: a Biography*, by the Rev. R. Demaus.

We have also received *The Newcomes*, in two volumes, the latest instalment of the Pocket Edition of Thackeray (Smith, Elder, & Co.); the Catalogue of the Library of the Royal Colonial Institute, compiled by Mr. C. Washington Eves (Spottiswoode & Co.); the *Journal of the Statistical Society* for September (Stanford); the sixth edition of the *Army and Navy Calendar*, 1886-7 (W. H. Allen & Co.); and a priced catalogue of books from Messrs. L. Jacobsen & Co., of Buenos-Aires.

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Our great need is additional support to the General Fund, which supports the homes and the boarded-out children.

Prospectuses, and collecting cards and boxes, will be gladly supplied by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. DE M. REDFORD, 33 Charing Cross, S.W., who will thankfully receive contributions, or they may be paid to the account of the Society at Messrs. DIMSDALE & CO.'S, 30 Cornhill, E.C.

Forms of application for the admission of children can be had from the HON. SECRETARY.

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24 PER CENT. CONSOLIDATED STOCK.

ISSUE OF £1,567,800.

MINIMUM PRICE OF ISSUE, £97 PER CENT.

First Dividend, being Six Months' Interest, payable May 1, 1887.

Authorised by the Colonial "New Zealand Loan Act, 1886," and "District Railways Purchasing Act, 1886 and 1888."

For Railway Extension £1,335,000

For extinguishing Debentures created in the Colony for the purchase of district railways constructed by local Companies, now the property of the Government 232,800

The GOVERNOR and COMPANY of the BANK of ENGLAND give Notice that, on behalf of the Agents appointed for raising and managing the Loan under the above Act (Sir PENROSE GOODCHILD JULYAN, K.C.M.G., C.B., and Sir FRANCIS DILLON BELL, K.C.M.G.), they are authorised to receive TENDERS for £1,567,800 NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT 24 PER CENT. CONSOLIDATED STOCK, repayable at par on November 1, 1887.

This Stock will be in addition to, and will rank *pari passu* with, the New Zealand 24 per Cent. Consolidated Stock previously created, the dividends on which are payable half-yearly at the Bank of England on May 1 and November 1.

The first half-year's dividend on this issue, calculated upon the nominal amount of Stock, will be payable on May 1 next.

The books of the Stock are kept at the Bank of England, where all assignments and transfers are made; and holders of the Stock are able, on payment of the usual fee, to take out stock certificates to bearer, with coupons attached, which certificates may be re-inscribed into Stock at the will of the holder.

All transfers and stock certificates are free of Stamp-duty.

Dividend warrants are transmitted by post if desired.

The Loan is secured on the Consolidated Fund of the Colony of New Zealand, which includes the revenue derived from the railways, and from the sales and leases of public lands.

By the Act 40 and 41 Vic. ch. 59, the Revenues of the Colony of New Zealand alone will be liable, in respect of the Stock and the dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Tenders may be for the whole or any part of the Stock, and must state what amount of money will be given for every £100 of Stock. Tenders for other than even hundreds of Stock, or at a price including fractions of a shilling other than sixpence, will not be preferentially accepted. Tenders are to be delivered at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, before two o'clock on THURSDAY, October 14, 1886. Tenders at different prices must be on separate forms. The amount of Stock applied for must be written on the outside of the tender.

The minimum price, below which no tender will be accepted, has been fixed at £97 for every £100 of Stock.

A deposit of 5 per cent. on the amount of Stock tendered for must be paid at the same office at the time of the delivery of the tender, and the deposit must not be enclosed in the tender. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned, and in case of partial allotment the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the first instalment.

In the event of the receipt of tenders for a larger amount of Stock than that proposed to be issued at or above the minimum price, the tenders at the lowest price accepted will be subject to a *pro rata* diminution.

The dates at which the further payments on account of the said loan will be required are as follows:—

On Friday, October 1886 {so much of the amount tendered and accepted as when added to the deposit, will leave Seventy Pounds (sterling) to be paid for each hundred pounds of Stock.

On Friday, December 3, 1886, £30 per cent.

On Friday, January 7, 1887, £30 per cent.

On Friday, February 25, 1887, £30 per cent.

The instalments may be paid in full on or after October 22, 1886, under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its proper date, the deposits and instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Script certificates to bearer will be issued in exchange for the provisional receipts.

The Stock will be inscribed in the Bank books on or after February 25, 1887, but scrip paid up in full, in anticipation, may be inscribed forthwith.

Applications must be upon the printed forms which may be obtained at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England; at Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, & Co., 4 Lombard Street; of Messrs. J. and A. Springour, 10 Old Broad Street; and at the office of the Agent-General of New Zealand, 7 Westminster Chambers, S.W., where also copies of the Acts authorizing the loan may be seen.

Bank of England: October 6, 1886.

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